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THE UNITARIAN

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THREEFOLD RESURRECTION.

A SERMON FOR EASTER BY REV. WILLIAM BALLOU, FARGO, NO. DAK.

Says Ruskin: "The real meaning of any myth is that which it has at the noblest age of the nation among whom it is current. The farther back you pierce, the less significance you will find, until you come to the first narrow thought which indeed contains the germ of the accomplished tradition, but only as the seed contains the flower. As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, they cling to and nourish their beloved and sacred legend. Leaf by leaf it expands under the touch of more pure affections and more delicate imagination, until at last the perfect fable bourgeons out into symmetry of milky stem and honeyed bell."

Whenever we open our Homer, or our New Testament, or our Virgil, we light upon a myth which completely accords with the conditions which Ruskin describes. The tales of Homer's heroes, Ruskin would say, are the perfect flower of Hellenic tradition, "budding out into symmetry of milky stem and honeyed bell." The myths of Greece, Rome, Judea, and of every nation and age, have manifested themselves in all the necessary and various stages of the process of growth and decay. Nineteen centuries ago the polytheistic religion of Southern Europe was—to press again into service Ruskin's metaphor—losing its leaves and its petals. The belief in Jupiter and his Olympian court, in Pluto and his Stygian realm in the nether world, was "in the sere and yellow leaf." The reader of Virgil, the poet of the time, is conscious of that fact latent underneath all the deferential piety of his verse; and in his successors the fact was no longer concealable, but manifest to all. Ovid's popularity was hardly compatible with aught else than a crumbling faith in the legends of the Roman gods. The poems of Silius (Italicus) and of Papinius Statius would, if we had time to read them, seem like the obsequies of a religion.

And, while the polytheism of Southern Europe presented this aspect, there was lying embedded in monotheistic Judaism the germ of a new religion,—a faith destined to make a nominal conquest of Paganism in a contest wherein we may now discern that Paganism equally came out conqueror. This germ was the belief that the body of Jesus of Nazareth had been reanimated, and that after his death he again walked the earth in corporeal reality and talked with his friends. We do not say that this fact, but that the sincere enough belief that this was a fact, was a necessary prerequisite to the later developments of Christianity. Without this belief, the followers of James and Paul could never in the latter half of the first century have taken their farewell of Israel's faith.

The testimony that is offered us on the group of incidents that have come to be spoken of as Christ's resurrection may be shortly summarized. First, it appears that there was somewhat of indefiniteness attaching to the word itself: "As they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of Man were risen from the dead. And they kept that saying with themselves, questioning one with another what the rising from the dead should mean." (Mark ix. 9, 10.)

Jesus' own conduct and language were not such as to make his meaning explicitly understood; he did not encourage his followers' natural desire for familiar explanation: "The Son of Man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill him; and when he is killed, after three days he shall rise again. But they understood not that

saying, and were afraid to ask him." (Mark ix. 31, 32.)

It is even pertinent for us to ask if the implicit meaning in his own use of the word was clear to himself. The thought of the resurrection was a part of the general stock of Hebrew religious conceptions in his time. Did he select among the current and shifting significations of the word one fixed meaning? My impression is that he did not thus pin himself to a dictionary definition, that it would have been much less possible for any one, even a prosaic mind, to do that then than now, and that it was directly contrary to the poetic characteristics of Jesus so to limit himself.

Secondly, the oldest account we have—the Gospel according to Saint Mark—is silent concerning all those appearances of Christ to the disciples after the burial, upon which the evangelists writing later find so much to say. The account in Mark affords only the most shadowy of evidences and the most insecure of foundations for belief in any resuscitation at all having taken place. Three women of the number of Jesus' friends, so the story runs, go to the tomb, and learn that the body is not there. A man sitting by asks the women to tell the disciples that Jesus has gone into Galilee to wait for them there. The selection of the women as messengers appears not to have been a judicious one. They were overwrought with nervous excitement, and had not even presence of mind to deliver the message intrusted to them. "They went out and fled from the tomb; for trembling and astonishment had come upon them: and they said nothing to any one; for they were afraid." (Mark xvi. 8.) So the Gospel according to Mark concludes.

Let us make no mistake on this score. The account of Christ's reanimated body is not verified history, but legend,—legend, too, that is without verisimilitude. It is only by violating one's intellectual conscience that one can in our generation cozen himself into the notion that it *is* history. But, while men believe it no longer, they believed it once; and it was out of an unhesitating certitude that the ancient creeds were framed. "I believe that Christ was buried; that he descended into hell; the third day he rose from the dead. . . . I believe in the resurrection of the body." Words like those which the mediæval church uttered with assurance are not for us to recite. Those who still attempt to do so repeat them with faltering lips; for the unquestioning conviction of the early church has given place to a timorous doubt whether it may not be better to continue through force of habit to use the time-honored formula even at the expense of sincerity rather than be at the trouble of putting it away. I believe that the men and women about us who make up the membership of the Catholic and evangelical churches are doing themselves an injury in this matter. They are wasting their strength in trying to retain a hold upon their belief in Christ's bodily resurrection, while a deeper and infinitely truer thought knocks vainly at their heart's doors for permission to enter and become an inspiration in their lives. We have, most of us, bade farewell to the old thought of the resurrection as our ancestors conceived it. We have ceased anxiously to strain our eyes toward that far-off episode of Oriental story. Are we ready to welcome a new conception,—the idea of the renewal that now is?

On this Easter Sunday the Catholic church through the whole earth celebrates Christ's bodily resurrection. The flesh, she tells us, which on Good Friday was committed to the tomb, was reanimated on that first Easter morning, and again walked the earth.

I believe that Easter is too valuable a festival to be lost. And yet I am just as thoroughly persuaded that it will become obsolete unless some new reason can be found for recognizing it, some reason based on the natural truth of things.

How shall we keep Easter-tide, since the prevalent insistence on a questionable occurrence can no longer interest us? To me it seems the time best suited of all for the consideration of our attitude of mind toward the world,—or, if you please, a reconsideration of that attitude.

The worthier import of the resurrection is the renewing power in nature. It is precisely this significance of the word that is useful and verifiable; while the apocalyptic meaning is confessedly not matter of experience, and is seen to be less and less helpful to the religious life of men.

Few of us have not at some time noted the life of an infant, and felt a fulness of

awe in its presence. We do not ordinarily try to analyze the feeling or ask ourselves why this enigmatical accession to the human race rouses an emotion very near to reverence. It is only that what was not now is, and we bow in silence before it. In a less degree, the same thing repeatedly occurs, or might occur, would we let it, through other provocation. The woman who fills a tin can with dirt wherein to plant a half-dozen flower-seeds, and places it on the outer ledge of the window for sun and rain to reach it, is preparing for herself a few contemplative moments of exquisite peace. One of these comes when first she sees the green blade emerge from its germinal tomb and greet the air; another, when the bud, which before held hidden the promise and potency of its complete beauty, throws open its petals. In like manner, every man who buries seed-grain in the ground, and day by day watches for its return from death to life, is consciously or unconsciously in the very presence of the resurrection. Who does not at once recall Christ's parable about the "man who should cast seed upon the earth, and should sleep and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how"? For "except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone." And there is the hardly less significant canticle of the old temple singer, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves."

But it ever remains true that a child is yet more intrinsically the worthy representative to us of the eternal regeneration of the world. To men and women of every condition the child appeals not so much by its dependence as by its character of infinite possibility. Here, if anywhere, is the microcosm. At the cradle-side we see the world in little,—the world and all that therein is. Is it any wonder that every wide-spread cultus must have its Holy Child to picture and make statues of, whether it be the Egyptian child-god Horus or the Catholic *bambino?* The systems of worship that "have had their day, and ceased to be," as well as those that remain, could not by other means have so vividly expressed their sense of life's mystery. Nor is it pure wonderment, even religious wonderment, that affects us. There is joy, too, as of the Bedouin women when a man-child is born into the world,—thankfulness that, out of the very dust of the earth, mute and sightless and irresponsive to our weak senses, the miracle has been wrought in the pre-natal days. And now this body prepared for the breath of life is actually a living being, with sense, capacity, and responsiveness to the impressions of the outer world. These persistent blinkings at the sunlight, these infinitely varied experiments of touch and taste,—let us beware of thinking slightingly of them, for they are prophetic of an intelligence absolutely unique and unlike any of its fellows. Standing there by the cradle-side, you see the first faint flickerings of a spark that shall mount into a steady flame and be the inseparable beacon to one human life. For this infant mind which is struggling to get into relation with the outer world is the organ of intellectual truth. Whatever of knowledge the child shall in his lifetime possess must in the last resort be the outcome of this small and at first sight purely sensitive beginning.

The story is told of the painter Millet that he used to note the progress of his infant grandchild, and to detect the first marks of intelligence in him. In Millet's leisure moments he habitually sketched pictures and placed them before the little Antoine, to see if he could recognize the subject. "One evening Millet said, 'I will make a picture now which I don't think he will understand, but we will see.' So he drew the little Antoine, with his cheeks puffed out, blowing at a candle with a large flame. The baby looked intently at this for a while, and then turned with satisfaction and blew at the candle on the table." Every father and mother can match that story out of the richness of their own stores of domestic lore. They will tell you that their child first knew them when he was so many weeks old, and rightly hold that day of recognition as a sort of birthday, and as worthy to be so called. They may never feel that their child is fully their own till some token of mutual knowledge has been exchanged.

This being the case with the upspringing of intelligence, experience itself points us on to a yet more vital crisis in later years. Just as the mind is latent and hidden in the physical being of the young infant, so the moral

and religious nature is latent and hidden in the mind of the child. To one as to the other there comes a day of renewing and of resurrection. Be it early or late, there comes a time when man feels the force of his duty to men and relation to God, and can no longer govern his life as if such duty and such relation did not exist.

Some of us have read in the Life of Theodore Parker an account that has to do with this awakening to a knowledge of duty. When, as a careless child, he one day lifted his hand to the performance of a bit of thoughtless cruelty, he was prevented by a voice as of a person, saying, "Don't." Looking about, he found himself alone, and stopped his sport and ran to ask his mother of the mysterious voice. Said she, "My child, some call it the voice of conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God speaking in the soul." Ordinarily, it is not with this suddenness that the awakening of the moral life comes, oftener by slow degrees and without any sharp break of surprise. But this instance from the early life of our great Unitarian leader, and similar ones from other lives, serve to put in more vivid form a general fact. Not more surely does the child's living body come forth from those primal elements which we in our ignorance or thoughtlessness call inanimate matter, not less mysteriously does the mind emerge from the meshes of sensitive being in which it is entombed, than does the moral and religious consciousness own its parentage to the mind. But the times and seasons of each of these resurrections are hidden. Not only when, but how, these transitions occur is a mystery to our wisest, as it will be till all knowledge has been searched out to perfection. Like Magdalene in the legend of that first Easter morn, however watchful we may be for the rising of the Lord, we always miss the moment; and he has risen from the dead and gone ere we are aware.

I have specified the three great resurrections in the history of the individual man because they most insistently press upon the attention; namely, the awakening at birth, the awakening of intelligence, and the awakening to religious and moral obligation. But, in reality, these are only as the salient peaks and mountain tops in an unexplored country. Man's life teems with experiences of transformation, of passage from death to life, of new birth, of resurrection from the dead. A true man or woman is not merely what Saint Paul calls a "living soul," but a life-giving, or, as the old version has it, "quickening" spirit. Of such a one the daily and hourly resurrections from death can as little admit of enumeration as the grass-blades in the magical outburst of spring. The fact that your opinions undergo change, that your "thoughts and prayers and hopes and fears" are not to-day what they were yesterday or an hour ago, implies a constant putting off of the former man and a constant putting on of the new. If we are watchful, we cannot fail to catch the divine symbolism of the nature without us and within.

"The fading of the leaf
And blending of each hue
The coming hour still hold in truth,
When change the old and new.
There's naught in Nature's hymn,
Of earth or sea or sky,
But is prophetic of the time
When birth to death is nigh."

Each added vision of speculative truth and each newly won conquest of truth in action, or obedience to conscience, is deeply fraught with the inmost meaning of Easter phrases and Easter hopes. Can we not now discern in some measure the ultimate form which the Easter legend tends to assume? In the next generation it will have achieved the true end of its development in fulfilment of the law which Ruskin denounced. Its buds are already opening out into the flowers of its final form. To the men of the twentieth century resurrection will mean the never-ending renewal of life and thought and will. The life of man springing forth from its grave in the dust; the mind, from the sense-impressions of the body; the ethical will, from the rational processes of the mind,—this threefold resurrection they will own.

And more than this,—the powerlessness of death will have become a real conviction to them. They will see that the continuity of thought and will is not destroyed by physical dissolution. They will not need to go about, as the churchmen do in our day, collecting evidence in behalf of immortality; for that will seem simply the necessary condition of man's eternal progress. Nor need we gaze wistfully abroad for continued tid-

ings when lives pass out of our sight. It is no fixed and immobile condition into which they go and toward which we tend, but the first term of a new series of existences. Our own consciousness can tell us that. And to this native consciousness that the individual is deathless the rash testimony of Hebrew writers eighteen hundred years ago that the body of Jesus was reanimated is an impertinence. The tradition can add nothing now to our hope of immortal life. Its only help to us is in a historical way to see what was the primitive shape of our later belief, the seed-germ from which has come at length the flower.

Let us concede to the full extent and gladly recognize the immense power which the Easter belief has had in the world,—nay, that it still has in many parts of the world. This Easter morning, in some of the countries of Europe, the form of salutation is simply, "Christ is risen"; and at the good word men embrace and kiss one another, so powerful an emotion is it that sweeps society before it and melts the barriers of indifference between man and man. In the olden time this exhilaration was everywhere in Europe a concomitant of the holy festival. According to tradition, the planets shared men's joy; and, though the morning stars might not sing together, everybody knew that the sun danced in the sky on Easter morning. Though we have no share in the expressions of the Apostles' Creed when it says, "I believe in the resurrection of the body," or of the Westminster Confession, which in its fourth article declares that "Christ did truly rise again from death, and take again his body with flesh and bones," there are undoubtedly a considerable number who derive benefit from the repetition of those ancient phrases. To us the words are inadequate and ring false. But may the older churches by all means continue to shadow forth their aspirations in images, however materially conceived, so long as they are able to discern therein any dim likeness to the profound fact of the soul's natural history. What it concerns us to do is to seize upon the spiritual reality that underlies the gospel of the resurrection, and use it so far as it is applicable to our own needs. It is not that afterthought of a too easy credulity—belief in Christ's reappearance after death—that we can find of worth, but the thought which in the patience of the long ages is entering into its place. Man ever in all his walks and ways is in the presence of the resurrection. When we go abroad in this early spring weather, the grass and the budding trees tell us of it. And, when we abide at home, much more are the dramas of moral choice, unseen by the world, transfigured by it. Man's high privilege is to share it in its threefold form. By it his body is raised from inorganic to organic life, from organic life in its simplicity on through sense-perception to knowledge of the world, and from the possession of intellectual truth to realization of God and obedience to conscience. Life is its first great gift to him. Its next is truth. Its last is the inborn moral law. They are, briefly, the life, the truth, the way. And the greatest of these is the last. The power whereby man meets the demand upon him to say "Yes" to right and "No" to wrong is the sole requisite for all true and lasting satisfaction in life.

Consider, each for himself, the personal experience herein. Does not the expectation of a deep and radical change of character—the old sinful self supplanted by the new righteous self—persist and increase, when it has its foundations in the solid rock of numberless spurnings of temptation, countless amendments in little things, manifold dyings toward sin,—persist because it is so rooted and fixed? He who thus experiences in person the power of resurrection to life makes Easter all the year. For the season of renewal for the individual soul is always at hand. If we will, your spirit or mine may at any hour put itself in harmony with God and duty, and find that, whereas it was blind, it now sees, whereas it was dead, it now lives. Let us keep our faces to the light of truth, our steps in the right way, and so make the resurrection a living reality of the day that now is.

It may be that Christendom is just now recovering a significance of resurrection that was lost nineteen centuries ago. There is some reason to believe that Jesus himself used the word in a sense that modern liberalism would recognize as its own. In his talk with Martha, the sister of Lazarus, he applied the word to himself as descriptive of his chief characteristic, and that characteristic was his strenuous pursuit of an

ethical ideal. But, whether or not that was his meaning, the passion for perfection is what it increasingly tends to signify to us. Living up to the level of our best moments and impulses, that is the ultimate form and flower of the resurrection idea,—rising from the lower level of life to the higher level, living much, as Emerson says, in the upper stories. This later development of the idea has been a long time preparing, has been tardy in its coming; but, soon or late, it will fulfil Ruskin's prophetic word. The ultimate thought of resurrection will be seen to compensate for all the preceding forms that led up to it. We can watch in history the story of the resurrection, seeing its inner idea, like the aloe Whittier describes:—

"Its steady purpose hold,
And, year by year, its patient leaves unfold,
Till the young eyes that watched it first are old.
But sometime, thou hast told me, there shall come
A sudden beauty, brightness, and perfume,
The century-moulded bud shall burst in bloom."

That day of its accomplishment is what we await expectantly, for religion in America will rise from the dead on that day.

AN EASTER HYMN.

'Tis Easter Day,
Now and alway,
When spirit triumphs over earth's decay.
O soul, be strong,
On wings upborne
Of aspiration and triumphant song!

Flowers pierce the sod;
The senseless clod
Stirs with new life, touched by the hand of God.
O soul, believe!
Thou, too, receive
From Him thy portion; he will not deceive.

Not shroud and bier,
Nor falling tear,
Fill up the measure of the passing year.
Joy shall prevail:
These do but veil
Life that still lives and love that cannot fail.

For thee and me
Eternity!
If we will choose that such our portion be.
Illusions fall
And pleasures pall,
When loud and clear we hear the Spirit's call.

Then hope alway,
On Easter Day
Or when the sun gives forth no cheering ray.
Thy trust renew
The whole year through,
And breaking clouds shall show thee heaven's blue.

CHARLOTTE C. ELIOT.

St. Louis, Mo.

THE IDEAL AND ACTUAL CHRIST.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D.D.

No one will deny, I suppose, that the world has in its mind and heart a Christ who embodies its highest idea of human goodness. We look upon him as one who realized his own two commands. He loved God with all his mind, heart, soul, and strength, and loved his neighbor as himself. He lived to obey God and help man, and died in that work. He came to teach that God is a father and friend, that man is brother to man, that there is no such thing in reality as death. He is the standard of virtue, the model of goodness. He is the way to God and to heaven. That is the idea which the Christian world has of Jesus.

This idea is the highest, broadest, and most profound that has existed in the world. One proof is that it has displaced so many others. Seneca, Epictetus, Socrates, Cicero, all wrote and spoke nobly of human duty; all gave the world their best notions concerning the good and the beautiful in life and character. But their own Roman world did not take their teachings as its standard of human virtue. It did adopt the life and teachings of Jesus, and he has become to the highest civilization of earth the divinest revelation of goodness. The good man who desires to be better holds before his mind the character of Christ as his example. The example and teaching of Jesus have been the inspiration of prophets, the hidden fire in the heart of saints, the finest, noblest, purest impulse given to the human race.

No one can deny that this idea, which has gone before the souls of the noblest workers for humanity like a pillar of fire in the night of ignorance, sin, and woe, is a reality. The ideal Christ is the greatest reality the world has had, if we are to judge it by the power it has exercised.

Whence did this ideal come? The old answer was simple enough. It came from the actual life and teaching of Jesus, as recorded in the Gospels by his immediate disciples. This is a simple and intelligible answer. The man, Jesus of Nazareth, gave this impulse to the history of the race, and communicated these living truths to the souls of men. This answer accords with the analogies of history. Similar movements, if inferior in quality or extent, have been initiated by other prophets. Single souls—like Moses, Zoroaster, Buddha, Mohammed—have, in different regions and ages, created new and vast movements, the results of which have not been exhausted after thousands of years. Every one admits that the religion of Islam came from Mohammed, that of Buddhism from Sakya-Muni, the Jewish faith from Moses. Why, then, should we doubt that this system of truth which we call Christianity originated with Jesus of Nazareth?

No one would doubt it for a moment, were it not that modern criticism on the letter of the New Testament has been thought to cast doubt on the origin of Christianity. It is said that we do not know when the books of the New Testament were written, nor by whom; that there are contradictions between one part and another; that the Jesus of Matthew, Mark, and Luke differs from the Jesus of John, and that the Jesus of John, again, is different from the Christ of Paul. Hence it is inferred that we do not know anything about Jesus with certainty. And thus our Master seems to be taken from us. This dear human friend of our childhood and our youth, this comfort and strength of our manhood, this guide of life through the trials and mysteries of human existence, this Saviour of the soul in temptation, sin, and misery, is supposed to be argued out of existence by critical students of the New Testament; and many are afraid that they may have to lose him altogether.

But there are certain considerations which may remove such fears. Let us suppose that the results of honest and learned criticism shall make it uncertain when, where, or by whom the books of the New Testament were written. After all, *the books themselves remain*, with all their contents, exactly as they were before. The Sermon on the Mount will still be there, with all its Beatitudes, its command to love our enemies, its heavenly morality of generous goodness. The story of the Prodigal Son will still be there, illustrating for all time the forgiving tenderness of the Infinite Father. The story of the Good Samaritan will be there, teaching how every sufferer whom we can help is our neighbor. The goodness of God who sends his sun on the just and unjust will still be there. The providence of God, without which not a sparrow falls to the ground, will be taught as before. The life of Jesus,—spent in doing good, in helping the despised and forsaken of mankind, in breaking down barriers of sectarian division, in overthrowing the walls of narrow bigotry, in putting the spirit above the letter, the life above forms,—this generous and noble life will stand as before in these precious documents. The Four Gospels, whoever wrote them, will be the most sacred possession of the human race. If they came to us without any names, they would still hold up before our touched and trembling hearts the picture of this divine friend and brother. He speaks from them to us with all the reality of nature. The Jesus of the Gospels is no invention of some unknown man of genius. We are quite capable of distinguishing between a work of imagination and an historic fact. A thousand inimitable touches, a thousand undesigned coincidences, give us the very presence of the times and the scenes; and amid them stands the unexampled glory and beauty of the Son of God and the Son of Man. One century after another has drunk at this fountain of life, and it remains as fresh and pure as at first, quenching forever the thirst of the soul. Nothing in the world is like it, nothing second to it.

No doubt the portrait of Jesus as given in the first three Gospels differs in many traits from that which comes to us from John. But the Fourth Gospel does not contradict the others: it supplements them. The first three evangelists give more of the outward facts of the life of Jesus, more of those conversations with the common people in which he used pithy sentences which they could understand and remember, stories which would interest them, illustrations taken from common life,—the man sowing grain, the woman baking bread, the knavery of a steward, the forgiving tenderness of a good

father. But John gives another side of the life of Jesus,—his deeper utterances, his loftier aspirations, his discussions with his learned countrymen at Jerusalem. And Paul gives yet another view. He shows us the ascended Master, still a heavenly friend of his disciples, dwelling in their hearts by faith, strengthening them in their trials, a perpetual inspiration, giving them an inward life hidden with his own in God.

It is said by some modern thinkers that Christianity, as we have it, came from Paul; that Paul, not Christ, was the real fountain of Christianity. There is a certain truth in this statement. It was given to Paul to develop the universal side of Christianity. He found it a Jewish sect: he left it a religion for mankind. He found it in its aspect to the world an Oriental superstition, one among the many that swarmed in the Roman Empire, one of the thousand Asiatic beliefs which, as the Romans said, poured out of the Orontes into the Tiber. He left it a religion rooted in Europe, ready in a few centuries to take possession of the Roman Empire. He found it still encumbered with Sabbaths, clean and unclean meats, feasts of the new moon, passovers, circumcision, the notion of a descent from Abraham. He emancipated it from all these traditions; left it a spiritual life, born out of faith in man as the son of God, in God as the father of man, in Christ as the image of the unseen God, the head of the whole creation. He dropped everything else belonging to Judaism: he only kept the idea of the Messiah, the Christ, King of the world. He made it a religion without ceremony, ritual, priest, or altar, with Jesus the Christ, the Son of God, as its great high priest, its passover, its sacrifice, its propitiation. Judaism was too narrow to be developed into a world religion. If Paul had not come, Christianity would have still been a part of Judaism. It is therefore due to Paul that it has become the religion of mankind.

But now the question comes, "Where did Paul himself get this idea?" Paul was a Jew, a limited, narrow, bigoted Jew, until the hour when he became a Christian. According to his own account of himself, he was exceedingly jealous of the law, he was a zealous advocate of all its ritual. All at once he is changed: he has become another man. He describes this change himself, and says that he owes it to the influence of Jesus. That was what made him a new creature, another man. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things have passed away. Behold, all things have become new!" Paul does not claim to be the inventor of a new gospel. He does not call himself the founder of Christianity. He declares that all his faith, his power, his convictions, his strength, came from Jesus. "The life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God." "I live, but not I: it is Christ who lives in me."

The Christ of Paul is an ideal person: it is the soul of Christ which Paul preaches, the spiritual Christ in whom he believes. Of the historical Christ he knows little or nothing. He has nothing to say of his miraculous birth; hardly a word to say about his miracles, except that of the resurrection. He only mentions a single sentence out of all his teaching. Nothing of the story of the four Gospels is to be found in Paul, and yet the whole gospel is there. The Christ of Paul is the divine manifestation of truth and love,—him in whom we have peace, by whom we are justified; he who died for the ungodly, to bring all mankind to God; he by whom we are reconciled and saved, by whom the infinite beauty, the heavenly love, the divine tenderness, are revealed to the world. Evidently, Paul cared to say little about the historic Jesus. He could not interest the Greeks and Romans in that story, sweet as it is, tender and noble and touching and tragic as it seems to us. But the one thing they needed to know was Christ Jesus, the power of God and the wisdom of God, the new manifestation of divine life. It is a new law of God revealed to man. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes us free from the law of sin and death." It was a new spirit put into human hearts, by which they were enabled to look up, out of the darkness and night of human ignorance, and say, "O my Father! my Father!" "God has put his spirit into our hearts, by which we cry, Abba, Father!"

It is Christ Jesus "who is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." Christ, according to Paul, is our life in the present, our hope in the future. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, we also shall appear with

him in glory." "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

It is evident, then, that Paul preached no doctrine of his own. He would willingly have made of himself a mere echo, an image, a voice, and nothing else, to manifest Jesus to the world. This ideal Christ of Paul has its roots in the historic Christ of the four Gospels. The universality of Christianity is already there. When Jesus said to the woman of Samaria, "Not in this mountain, not in Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father: God is a Spirit, and only to be worshipped spiritually and truly," then he already stated all that Paul afterward taught concerning the breadth of the gospel. When Jesus said, "Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," he announced the whole Pauline doctrine of reconciliation and justification. When he said, "I am the resurrection and the life,"—not postponing the resurrection to any far-off day, but making it the immediate ascent of the soul into a present heaven,—he gave the Pauline doctrine of death swallowed up in the complete victory of life. The entire essence of the Pauline theology is already in the four Gospels. The Christ of history is the only possible source from which the ideal Christ of Paul could have come.

But, when I say this, I do not mean that the ideal Christ of the later church was all in the Gospels or in the Epistles. Neither the Gospels nor Epistles ever called Christ God. They teach that he is a divine man, a man full of the spirit of God,—one word of God made flesh, and dwelling among us, an image of the unseen God, a manifestation of his fulness. All this; but they never teach that Christ was a human God. They never tell us that the man Christ Jesus, born a little child, was the Infinite Ruler of the universe; that he who was tempted by the devil was that God who is never tempted with evil; that he who was seen every day by his friends was the God whom no man hath seen or can see; that he who prayed so earnestly was the Being to whom he prayed; that he who said, "Why callest thou me good?" was the Infinite Goodness; that he who declared "the Father is greater than I" was equal with the Father; that he who said that he did not know the day and hour of his own future return was the omniscient God, who knows all things; that he who suffered agonies in the garden was the Being who is above all suffering; that he who died on the cross was the God in whom alone dwelleth immortality.

Long after Paul had passed away, this whole system called Orthodoxy arose. History describes every step of its formation, shows us how by slow degrees it was built into a compact system. Every part of it, no doubt, rested on some truth; but, as a whole, the system was false, and belittled the gospel. Instead of teaching that man is the child of God, beloved and dear to him, it taught that he was born totally depraved, and hated by his heavenly Father. Instead of teaching that Christ died to reconcile man to God, it declared that he died to appease the divine wrath, and to reconcile God to man. So it threw darkness and gloom over the brightness of revelation, and partially extinguished the glory and beauty of the Master's gospel.

All this is passing away. But what will never pass away is that ideal Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, the Christ who was already in Jesus of Nazareth, the roots of whose life are in the four Gospels. To that historic Jesus, the man of Nazareth, we must trace back all the sublime faith which has made the world new, brought souls to God, which is the source of all modern reforms and philanthropies, which is the blessed comfort for sorrow in ten thousand homes, the chief hope of immortality in all our bereaved hearts. There can be no great effect without some adequate cause. We know the tree by its fruit. When we find bushels of apples, we infer an apple-tree; thousands of bushels of peaches, we know that there must be orchards to produce them. So, when we find this vast religion coming from Judea, spreading over Europe, conquering the Roman Empire, assimilating many phases of life, and then purifying itself of their evils, making the world more reasonable and pure as the years pass by, we say: "For all this there must have been a cause. The tree is known by its fruits."

There is this current of spiritual life which has been flowing down through the centuries, always having Christ for its centre, always turning to him as its source and its strength. Augustine and Ambrose,

Anselm and Bernard, looked to Jesus as their hope and power. The saints of all ages chant their hymns to their Master, the Rock of Ages. Every soul which comes to God finds the easiest road through Christ. All sing the same old, old strain. All say,—

"Seeking me, thy tired feet hasted,
On the cross such anguish tasted,
Let not all these pains be wasted."

The Master of mankind is also the personal friend of every soul. Jeanne d'Arc cries, "Jesus, Jesus!" from her pile of fire. Uncle Tom, beaten to death by Legree, whispers, "Master Jesus" with his last breath. In the love of Jesus, orthodox and heretics are united. The Unitarian Bowring sings,—

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

Theodore Parker speaks to Jesus as if present, saying,—

"Yes, thou art still the life; thou art the way
The holiest know,—light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the truth, light, way, that thou hast given."

Christ is as much at the centre of the profound philosophy of Swedenborg as in the ecstatic faith of Saint Theresa or Madame Guyon. Luther and Loyola, sworn enemies to each other's speculative belief, were both devoted soldiers of the same Christ. No system of faith or philosophy can do without him. The great tropical wave of Methodism which has swept round the earth during the last century had its impulse from faith in Christ, and the calm soul of the Quaker is equally centred on that one great Master.

Is there any danger, then, that criticism of the letter will ever remove this Friend of man from his place in human belief and love? Negative criticism is, no doubt, necessary and right; but it is one of the smallest functions of the intellect. It deals with the letter, the husk, the dead body of truth. With the immortal spirit it has nothing to do. It belongs to nobler faculties to appreciate and appropriate that sublime essence. Criticism may remove some parts of the present letter of the New Testament. It may modify other parts. But I think we may safely say it will never remove the central figure of Jesus. It will never essentially change what we see in him there. The ideal Christ who is with us, the living Christ, by our side, will remain, in all his pure lineaments, like the historic Christ of the Gospels. That historic Jesus is the source of the faith and life which have come down through the centuries;

"For, as high summits, in their airy sweep,
Require foundations in proportion deep,
And lofty cedars as far upward shoot
As to the nether heavens they drive their root,"

so deep and solid must be the historic foundation of any great earthly superstructure.

Christ is as near to the mind and heart of our race to-day as ever. His earthly history was never more interesting than now, his ideal presence never more precious. His wonderful Galilean life still stands as the highest point ever reached in the development of the human soul. His spirit in our hearts is more dear, more necessary, than in any former age. One of the sweetest poets of our time, in what I think his greatest poem, shows us how necessary Christ is to-day to the purest spirits and freest thinkers of our century:—

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

"Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth Love."

THE TRUE RICHES.

I may not be a child of fame,
No breeze may ever waft my name,
No strong ambition lure me on
Till Toil shall speak her benison.

I never may high office hold,
Or find my way to mine of gold;
Grim want may stalk before my door,
My clothing may be scant and poor;

Miscarriage may my plans attend,
And I may sorely need a friend,
In poverty may die alone,
And not a soul my death bemoan.

And yet my fortune is untold,
My wealth is more than mines of gold.
I *know*, I *love*, I *feel*, the *right*,
Am thrilled with expectations bright.

On wings of thought abroad I roam,
The boundless universe my home.
All truth and good by right is mine,
My being's texture is divine.

Oh, what is fame or wealth to me
Compared with what it is to *be?*
A living, an unfolding soul
While the eternal ages roll!

No flaming world that swims the sky
E'er thought the thought of saying "*I.*"
Almighty God can say no more;
His offspring, I my God adore.

E. F.

Los Angeles, Cal.

GROUND OF BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

I believe in the immortality of the soul. Why? Various reasons weigh with me; but, so far as I understand myself, that upon which I most steadily and calmly rely is my faith in the rectitude of the universe, or, perhaps, better, my faith in the reasonableness, fidelity, and justice of God.

Of course, if we are in a universe whose only guiding principle is chance, then we can put no dependence upon anything beyond the grave. But as little can we on anything this side. The fact that we have learned by experience that nature can be trusted, at least in this world, shows that we are not in a universe of chance.

Again, if we are in a universe whose guiding principle is malignity, of course we cannot depend upon immortality; or, if we could, it would be an immortality of pain and misery. But, believing as I do that nobody with a healthy mind, living in the midst of earth's beauty and joy and human love, can entertain for an hour such a theory, I need not stop to discuss it.

The only alternative is the theory that the universe is the embodiment of law, order, reason, rectitude.

Very well, granted such a universe, how are we going to escape the conclusion that man is made for more than earth, more than the little inch of time that is meted out to him in this world?

Reasonableness adapts means to ends, expenditures to results.

Reasonableness does not cut and polish with infinite care, and set with costliest setting, a poor, dull, common stone. It reserves such cutting, such polishing, such setting, for diamonds and rarest gems.

Reasonableness does not plant oaks in a garden intended for a single season, but in grounds where they may grow for generations and centuries.

Reasonableness does not build a house of solidest foundation and costliest material and thoroughest workmanship for a mere week's occupancy in summer camping. For that short use a canvas tent is enough. The solid and costly structure indicates the intention of a permanent home.

Reasonableness does not build a splendid Cunarder, and place it on a little inland pond, but on the mighty sea, for which its massive bulk, its ribs of steel, its tremendous engines, are fitted, and without which their construction is idiocy.

May we not, *must* we not, apply the same reasoning to man and his destiny?

Can we believe that reasonableness in this universe would have built the most costly and splendid thing this world knows, —a man,—for a mere day,—nay, to blot him out of existence as soon as made?

If man was made for a day only, and for the narrow bounds of earth only, why was he given hopes that pierce the very heavens, aspirations that know no bounds, affections that spurn death, a mind that can weigh and measure the stars, longings that nothing but the infinite and the eternal can satisfy?

Is it replied that all this is only faith, that it is not demonstration? Yes: I grant that it is only faith; but does that weaken its evidentiary power? Do we not know that demonstration itself—the most rigid demonstration the mathematician ever made —is based on faith? Every one understands that all mathematics starts from axioms. But what are these axioms? Only postulates of faith. No one attempts to prove them. The mind looks at them, they seem true. Therefore we accept them as true, because we have faith in the rectitude of our mental processes, the reliability of our senses, and the constancy of the laws of nature. Thus it is that all mathematics—yes, and science, and all possible human knowledge—is based on faith. Thus we see that for any of us to say that we accept a theory or a doctrine on faith is *not* necessarily to say that we accept it without evidence. Our faith may be itself the strongest of possible evidences: the only necessity is that it shall be faith well grounded,—that is, grounded in the reason

and nature of man and the nature of things. It should be borne in mind that there are two kinds of so-called faith. One is trust in the unverified,—unverified imagination, unverified speculation, unverified testimony, unverified authority. Indeed, this kind of so-called faith often goes so far as to scorn verification, declaring that he who accepts with least questionings or proofs does that which best pleases Heaven, while he who proposes verification is a sceptic and an infidel. This so-called faith is only credulity: it is unworthy the great name of faith. It is the enemy of intelligence, it is the mother of superstition. Coming into science, it destroys; coming into religion, it degrades.

The other kind of faith—faith that is genuine and worthy—is trust in truth, trust in reality, trust in the nature of things, trust in the rectitude of the universe. It seeks to build all its edifices upon reality. Having found that, it rests, as upon a solid rock. In the very nature of the case, therefore, it tests and verifies everywhere, that it may get down through the superficial and the apparent and the false to the real and the true. So profoundly does it believe in the true that it must seek for it. So deep is its trust in the real that it cannot brook any sham, or any suspicion of sham, but must probe and probe until reality is found.

It is this kind of real faith that science builds on; it is this kind of real faith that all sound philosophy builds on; it is this kind of real faith that all worthy religion builds on. Science, philosophy, and enlightened religion, all alike, would sweep away shams and superficialities and credulities and illusions, and get down to the great and eternal realities of nature, of the soul, of God.

This shows us in what direction we must look if we would find a really firm basis for a belief in immortality. We must look to the soul, we must look to nature, we must look to the universe, we must look to God. These are primal authorities. These offer testimonies than which there are no higher. If we can find that these deep realities furnish a basis for a faith in immortality, then we can build securely.

Do they furnish such a basis? It seems to me there can be but one answer to him who will look candidly and deeply.

I think the scale on which man is formed, the precious ingredients which enter into his making, and, above all, the splendid faculties and powers with which he is endowed, all declare that he must be more than an ephemera. To confess that he is *only* an ephemera, would it not be to confess that there is no God of Wisdom, that the Power at the heart of the universe is incomparably less rational than man himself?

It is interesting to notice the acceptance given to this train of reasoning by so careful and scientific a thinker as Mr. John Fiske, —and the acceptance given to it, too, in the full light of the doctrine of evolution. In his able and very candid book, "The Destiny of Man in the Light of his Origin," Mr. Fiske traces the whole evolutionary process from fire-mist to man; and this is the conclusion he reaches:—

"The more thoroughly we comprehend," he says, "that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process of its meaning. It goes far toward putting us to permanent intellectual confusion; and I do not see that any one has as yet alleged, or is ever likely to allege, a sufficient reason for our accepting so dire an alternative.

"For my own part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul . . . as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work. . . .

"I can see no insuperable difficulty in the notion that, at some period in the evolution of humanity, this divine spark may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material forms and endure forever. Such a crowning wonder seems to me no more than the fit climax to a creative work that has been infinitely beautiful and marvellous in all its myriad stages."

Mr. Fiske believes in the immortality of the soul "as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work." Could ground for belief be more firm than that?

If there is any one thing that all the experience of mankind on the earth and all science teach as more certain than anything else, surely it is the order, the progress, the harmony, the beauty, the law, the wisdom, manifested everywhere in the universe; that is, it is the reasonableness of all

God's work. But does not that reasonableness break down at last, and come to naught utterly, if that for which all the rest is only a preparation turns out to be a bubble?

If nature finds its consummation in man, and man ends in—smoke, in nothing, where is nature's reasonableness?

If God has carried forward his evolutionary process through all the ages, lifting it up and ever up to higher ends, bringing out of it ever nobler and nobler products, until at last, as the crowning work of all, we have a self-conscious intelligence like his own, capable of understanding this marvellous and almost eternity-long process, and able to know and commune with the Creator himself, and then, as the result and final outcome of all, if this crowning product of his creation, this topmost blossom of the ages and the worlds, this child of his own nature, is to be blotted out of existence, and be no more, does it not go far to put us to permanent intellectual confusion?

I confess I cannot see how thoughtful men, especially those who believe, as most are coming now to believe, in evolution, can reach any other conclusion than this of Mr. Fiske.

So, then, I, for one, at least, find myself compelled to say with him, "I believe in the immortality of the soul, as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work."

I see not how anything can be more clear than that human life as we behold it in this world is incomplete. Does that incompleteness mean nothing?

Go with me to the nest of a bird. Take an egg which is nearly through its process of incubation,—what do we find? We find partly formed eyes and feet and wings. But why? What use can such organs serve to a birdling in a shell? They are prophecies of a time when he shall be freed from his shell, and his home shall be in the light, on the broad earth, in the free air.

Are not the faculties of man's soul which spurn the finite, and his thoughts that

"Wander through eternity,"

similar prophecies of a larger life?

Go with me into the studio of the painter. We find on his easels pictures in various stages of progress: here is one half done; here is another carried so far that its meaning and much of its beauty appear; here is a third that is just begun. What inference can we draw from all this, only that the process which has gone thus far is to go farther, and that the pictures are to be completed in the artist's good time?

Or, instead of going to an artist's studio, suppose that we go into an outlying section of one of our fast-growing cities, and there find beginnings made for a multitude of buildings. On all sides are stone and brick and mortar and lumber. Here are excavations made for cellars. Here are foundations laid, some small as for single houses, some large and massive as for great blocks and warehouses. There are walls that are beginning to rise, and yonder others that are half-way up. Thus everywhere are preparations and beginnings, but nowhere completeness. Can we believe that all this is a finality? Can we believe that nothing more is intended? No: we can interpret what we see only by supplementing it with the faith that something more is coming. These foundations and partly constructed walls are prophecies.

And now turn to man. What do we see here? Incompleteness everywhere, completeness nowhere. As Dr. Hedge strongly, but none too strongly, puts it: Everywhere we see "great powers and small performances, vast schemes and petty results, 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' and a life that

"'Can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die?'

. . . Whoever lived to accomplish his utmost aim? What career so complete as to comprehend all that is wanted of this world? We all retire with imperfect victory from the battle of life. The campaign is not finished when we strike tents. . . . The scholar has still unsolved problems at which he is laboring. The philosopher is summoned in the midst of experiments he cannot stay to complete. The philanthropist is overtaken in projects of reform that are to add new value to human life."

Martineau, at more than eighty years of age, standing near the close of a career marvellously full of attainment, exclaims: How small a part of my plans have I been able to carry out! Life, even at its fullest on earth, is a fragment.

Sir Isaac Newton, at the end of a life that achieved more for science than almost any other of modern times, compares himself to a child who has merely picked up a few pebbles on the beach, while the vast ocean lies beyond unexplored.

Victor Hugo in his old age declares: "For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse. History, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song,—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me."

Now, what is the explanation of all this strange, dark riddle, of the incompleteness of human life, the fragmentariness of even the fullest earthly career? If man is at the beginning of his existence, all is plain. If he is at the end, all is midnight darkness. So far as I at least can see, the only philosophy that gives any light is that of Hugo, who completed the passage that I have quoted from him by adding: "When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley: it is a thoroughfare. I close on the twilight to open with the dawn."

Here, then, for one, I rest,—rest, and find great joy and peace. I cannot doubt the sanity of nature. I cannot doubt the reasonableness and justice of God. I could as easily doubt that the sun would rise tomorrow. I feel far more confidence in God than I do in myself, or in aught else that exists. Why then should I fear that he may cheat his world, or let his children fall out of his hand?

That God's work of creation means something great and worthy I do not even know how to question. I should much sooner think of questioning my own sanity. But, if it does mean something great and worthy, then man is safe, and safe forever. Surely, God cannot love his lower creation without loving the highest of all. If he is faithful to the atom of hydrogen that floats in the sun, or the minutest wave of light that beats on distant Uranus, I am sure he will not be unfaithful to me, his child. Writes Emerson, "All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all that I have not seen."

So, then, I simply cannot believe that death ends all for man: I am compelled to believe in immortality. And the supreme reason why, the one rising above all other reasons, is that I have faith in God; faith in the reasonableness of the great plan of things; faith in the human soul; faith that man, in whom alone nature seems to find a permanent significance, and its marvellous evolutionary process a goal, cannot be without meaning; faith that a career which begins with such unspeakable possibilities and promise as are wrapped up in man's very nature must be destined for more than earth's hand-breadth; faith that the Creator of all things has not made us and endowed us with intelligence and all other high qualities of our being, akin to his own, to mock us; faith that what nature has produced at infinite cost is of infinite value, and cannot therefore be allowed to perish; faith that

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist:
Not its likeness, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conceptions of an hour."

J. T. Sunderland.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE INCLUSIVENESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

One of the first things learned by the student of Christian theology and of ecclesiastical history is that Christianity has more sources than one. There *is* such a thing as the religion of Jesus, and it can be traced with satisfactory directness to him as its founder. But the religion of Jesus is only one of the elements which have gone to the making of that extremely composite affair which we call Christianity. Other elements which have been powerful in moulding its theology, ritual, and organization are Judaism, Alexandrian Platonism, Roman Paganism, and Roman views of government, the mythology of the Gothic barbarians, and, in general, the dominant philosophic and religious ideas of every age through which it has lived and of every race which has acknowledged its authority.

The great festivals of the church, Christ-

mas and Easter, were not originally Christian festivals, and their pagan precursors are perfectly well known. Many of the customs connected with the worship of the ritualistic churches have as little connection with anything established by the unconventional religious leader, Jesus of Nazareth. Indeed, history tells a tale which, in the mind of the candid reader, scatters such pretensions. Christianity found no people without religion. The ground was occupied before it appeared upon it. And, in the course of a century or so, it learned, as a means of hastening its conquests, and at the same time of disarming in a measure the hostility of the adherents of the old religion, to adopt one after another many of their customs. These it baptized with the Christian name, and infused into them Christian meanings. Pagan and Christian traditions gathered around the same centres, and became blended in a very amicable way. And, as Paganism was an outworn faith, and Christianity was fresh and vigorous, it came to pass, in time, that memory of the pagan share in the establishment of important matters of the church was nearly forgotten. Prominent among Christian converts were men learned in the philosophy and speculation of their day. To a great extent, involuntarily, but none the less genuinely, did their former ideas modify their views of Christianity. Its principles were fused in the crucible of their powerful minds, and the resultant product differed in important respects from the religion which first appealed to them.

We would not have it thought that we mention these matters merely for criticism, or that we regard it as altogether a reproach to Christianity that it has, first and last, come to shelter so many customs, opinions, and rites not ordained by Jesus. This facility of adaptation which Christianity has shown, this sympathy with the intellectual and religious atmosphere about it, while it has been a source of great weakness, has at the same time imported some elements of strength. It has exposed the faith to many impositions, but it has also led it in some cases to larger and deeper grasp of important truth. Whatever we may believe as to the religion of Jesus being a divine revelation, the human element in the establishment and development of Christianity has been very pronounced. And, as the history of humanity in general shows a richer development than it would, had fewer forces combined to instruct, discipline, and upbuild it, so Christianity, with all its faults, is a larger, freer, more helpful and hopeful institution than it would have been, had it resolutely excluded from its system everything in the realm of thought and practice which existed in its surroundings.

Of course we do not mean to say by this that the simple religion of Jesus would not have been preferable to the Christianity which the world has had. Neither do we mean to apologize for the time-serving and worldly spirit which has so often characterized Christianity, and which unquestionably prompted many of its compromises. To restate our conviction in regard to the matter in a single sentence, it is this: In the process of giving and receiving which, more or less from earliest times, has been going on between the church and surrounding faiths and philosophies, pure religion has gained as well as lost.

Christianity once established as a church, with a system of doctrine and government, it would have been altogether disastrous for it to have been closed absolutely and fortified against surrounding influences. Whether the teachings of Jesus might not better have been left in the unlabored form in which they came from his lips than to have been wrought into a theological system, whether the church might not better have been left to do its work as the apostles and their contemporaries did theirs, is quite another question. But it is only fair to say that there is room for two opinions, even here. Our own opinion is that the embodiment of the teachings of Jesus in a definite theology and the development of doctrine concerning himself were matters which the unwritten laws of the human mind rendered inevitable. Every word which is recorded of Jesus stimulates thought. His life is matter of undying wonder. The more these things were studied, the more necessary must it have seemed to systematize and coordinate the conclusions to which they pointed.

And, then, as to the church: when it became evident that the "kingdom of heaven," in the sense of a redeemed and perfected state of human society upon earth, was not

coming to pass at once; that the work of Christ would occupy generations, centuries, perhaps ages,—what more natural than that Christians should feel the need of fixed organization, of regulated authority, of a carefully prepared ritual? We cannot see any evidence that the development of Christianity in these ways was directed by artifice or priestcraft. Rather does it appear to have been guided by necessity, as so many of our earthly affairs are. And, like most of our earthly affairs, the working of Christian organization has been imperfect. It has done some things very well, and other things very ill. It has perpetuated the force of religious conviction, of Christly charity and magnanimity, of Christly love and sacrifice. It has kept alive, also, a good deal of bigotry, narrowness, ignorance, and dislike.

Now, the fact that Christianity bears so many marks of the influences surrounding it throughout its history, proves its largeness, its adaptability to meet the needs of mankind. Had it never affiliated at all with the thought, aspiration, and life of peoples among whom it sought to establish itself, it would have found it difficult or impossible to gain any strong hold upon them. There is, however, a natural elasticity about the religion of Jesus which permits its fraternization with truth from whatever quarter it may come, and an element of growth which may absorb moral and spiritual nutriment wherever these are to be found. Whatever of wisdom, of goodness, of profound thought upon great themes, anywhere exists, should find itself at home in Christianity. Revelation was neither begun nor ended in Jesus. Revelation has been from the beginning, will be forever.

Not to develop and add to the expression of the religion of Jesus would be a poor tribute to his teaching. His words are seeds of thought and life. Great in themselves, they contain the potency even of that which is greater. The expanding life of man gives them new openings continually; and we see how they enter into the highest philosophy and the most advanced science, touching the philosophy and the science with a divine sanctity, and gathering larger meaning and ampler illustration to themselves from the contact. The gospel is no longer contained in the four books which bear the names Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. It is to be found in a million books, and is to be traced through the whole circle of the world's noblest literature. The word of God has come to many a soul from poem or story or scientific treatise or sermon; the eyes of many a person have been opened to the beauty of the Divine Life through looking upon some beautiful and gracious life near to his own. More and more, we believe, will Christianity absorb truth from sources round about it; more and more, in tracing its history, shall we have to take account of the great currents of thought and faith which animate the civilized world. I trust I hold the New Testament in reasonable reverence; but I am convinced of this fact, that, as Dr. Hedge says, though it "is the highest, it is by no means the only authority in matters of Christian doctrine. We cannot claim inspiration for the Scriptures and deny it to the church."* Indeed, I should go farther even than this. We cannot claim inspiration for the church and deny it to noble and gracious souls outside of the church.

"The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all."

It is the glory of Christ that the noblest and the wisest bring their tribute to him when they know him. It is the glory of his religion that it is large and deep and grand enough to acknowledge the genuineness of goodness and truth wherever these may appear, and to incorporate such goodness and truth with itself.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.
Athol, Mass.

GOD IS OVER ALL.

The mellow moonlight bathes the world,
And God is over all.
Down through the tree-tops gleam the stars,
And God is over all.
The world lies draped in a mantle white,
And all things glow with a soft, pure light,
And God is over all.
Softly the town bell chimes the hour,
Its mellow tones float from the tower
Out o'er the sleeping world,
And God is over all.
Silence, like death, lies on the town,
Out of the sky the moon looks down,
Cold and chaste, without a frown,
And God is over all.

*The Way of Historic Christianity.

Sparkles the snow upon the ground,
And the trees in their white robes stand around,
Silent and ghostly, with upheld arms,
And God is over all.
Sleep, my soul, in the silent night,
Dream thy dreams of a future bright;
See, through the dark, the dawning light,
For God is over all.

SOLON LAUER.

Chicopee, Mass.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

It was during the early sixties that I first became personally acquainted with Mr. Bradlaugh. The political Radicals of England, under the leadership of Mr. Edmund Beales, were then engaged in agitating for a further extension of the suffrage. I became acquainted with Bradlaugh when we were both ardent supporters of that movement. A Tory government was then in power; and the movement met, of course, with the usual Tory opposition. It was then that the government endeavored to prevent the people from exercising what they deemed their ancient right of public assembly in Hyde Park, London. The leaders of the movement had announced that a great Reform Demonstration would be held, on a particular day, in Hyde Park. The government issued a proclamation to the effect that the meeting would not be permitted to take place. The people, however, were determined; and, when the day came, a dozen or more great processions were wending their way from various parts of London to the Park. On their arrival, the people found the entrances to the Park closed, and guarded by police. The people were determined to hold their meeting, and to hold it *in* the Park. They were there in such vast numbers that, by bringing a little pressure to bear upon the stout iron railings surrounding the Park, the railings were found to be giving way. Another push, and down the railings went, prone on the ground; and then the people streamed by thousands upon thousands into the Park, held their meeting, passed their resolutions demanding reform and denouncing the government, and then, in all peaceableness, wended their way home again.

Charles Bradlaugh headed one of the divisions of that vast procession, and was one of the speakers on the occasion. He was then one of the recognized Radical political leaders of England. We all felt, especially those of us who knew him most, that there was a fine political career before him in the English House of Commons, if he could only manage to get himself sent thither. I knew, and some others knew, that this was his one great ambition. The reform agitation of Edmund Beales was more than successful. The Reformers were very modest in their demands. The qualification for exercising the suffrage was then a ten-pound rental for towns and cities. The Reformers demanded that it be reduced to a six-pound rental. This proposal was denounced by the Tories, headed by the late Earl of Derby and Disraeli, as a proposal for "Americanizing our glorious English Constitution." Within six months after thus denouncing the proposal, the Earl of Derby, who was then Prime Minister, instigated thereto by Disraeli, and with a view of "dishing the Whigs," consented to the passing of a measure of reform which went further in the direction of lowering the suffrage qualification than even John Bright had ever thought it safe or prudent to go. Thus the railings of Hyde Park did not go down in vain. The right of the people to assemble there for the discussion of their political and other grievances was vindicated, and the cause for which the people had marched in procession to the Park was more than successful.

This lowering of the suffrage gave Charles Bradlaugh the great opportunity of his life. When I read the news that Bradlaugh was "up" for Northampton, I was the minister of Stoke Newington Green Unitarian Chapel in London. I at once packed my gripsack and travelled down to Northampton, with the view of doing what I could to aid in sending him to Parliament. Night after night, until the day of election came, I stood by his side, addressing meetings in the Northampton Market Square. I am prouder of having done this than I am of all other things I ever did in my life. My reasons for doing it were simple enough. I admired Charles Bradlaugh for *himself*, his massive ability and his quite incorruptible honesty. I was in full sympathy with his political views and aspirations. Although I had no sympathy whatever with his atheism, I did not hold him in any sort of disesteem on account of it; and I was, moreover, foolish

enough to believe that no amount of heresy, on matters theological, ought to be allowed to disqualify a citizen from the enjoyment of the rights and the performance of the duties of citizenship. On this latter ground particularly, John Stuart Mill sent a very handsome sum toward liquidating Bradlaugh's election expenses. For myself, I was the only man in England at that time who, possessing any sort of conventional or other right to tack "Rev." on to his name, ventured to utter a public word in favor of sending Charles Bradlaugh to Parliament. The Unitarian minister of Northampton at the time sent a letter to the London *Inquirer*, the official Unitarian journal of that period, in which he grievously complained of the fact that, while he had been laboring to get the orthodoxies of Northampton to think well of Unitarianism, Mr. Applebee had more than undone all his work.

Events have fully justified the wisdom of giving Bradlaugh a place in the national legislative body. He did good and important work there,—work that only *he could* have done. When permitted to take his seat, he speedily won the regard and the esteem of all parties in the House. Even the preachers of Northampton, orthodox and others, soon ceased to oppose his election. At the last election for Northampton, three Unitarian ministers, I have been told, spoke in his behalf, and this without causing any of the hostile comment with which I was honored twenty-and-odd years ago. The world moves, and Unitarians move with it.

The first and last impression Bradlaugh made upon you was an impression of strength. As Browning would say, he "was ever a fighter." As you walked behind him in the street, by the peculiar swing of his massive shoulders he gave you the impression of a man bound for some goal, and determined, in spite of all opposition, to reach it. Yet, knowing him intimately, you soon found that beneath the strength there was a depth of sweet and gracious tenderness. He was inclined to be a little masterful at times, but always in a cause about the justice of which there could be no reasonable doubt. For myself, I had an unbounded faith in him,—in his integrity of purpose, in his fine sense of honor, in the simple uprightness of his life. I always felt that I could confide anything to his keeping, and that all the wealth of the world, coined or uncoined, would not be sufficient to induce him to betray the trust. If he is now in that eternal world, in the existence of which he did not and could not believe, I am sure that he is already finding honorable work there. JAMES KAY APPLEBEE.

A NEW PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

A SKETCH OF THE WORK OF THE ST. LOUIS TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

It was in 1883 that the St. Louis Training School for Nurses began its work in a small house on Lafayette Avenue, opposite the City Hospital. At the start high standards were established. Sixty applications for admission to the school were received during the first year. Only twenty of these applicants were received on trial, and of these twenty but nine were accepted as pupil nurses. This number was soon increased, and it became necessary to rent an adjoining dwelling in order to accommodate the growing school. In a short time the necessity of more room was again evident. The houses were old and poorly built. Small rooms and dark, narrow passages gave a cheerless welcome to the tired women who came at night from a long day's work. What could be done to make the place more homelike was done; but the results were meagre. It was, after all, only a sleeping place. The pupils found little comfort in their cramped quarters, and the work of the school suffered. It was felt that a real home was indispensable, and the struggle to obtain it began. This is not the place to tell the story of this struggle. It is enough to say that the efforts of the school to raise money to carry on properly a good work met with a generous response.

Ground was secured on Dillon Street, not far from the hospital, and the William G. Eliot Home for Nurses* was built. The house is admirably planned and well constructed, and is in all respects a comfortable home. The school is open to women who have had a plain English education, and

*The history of the Mississippi Valley has been enriched by hardly another life so large and beneficent in its influence as that of Dr. William Greenleaf Eliot, the organizer of the First Unitarian Church of St. Louis and the founder of Washington University. One of the later outcomes of that noble, wise, and unselfish life is this Home for Nurses.

who have, or give promise of acquiring, that quiet refinement so necessary in a sick-room. Applications may be sent to the Superintendent of the St. Louis Training School for Nurses, 1224 Dillon Street.

Applicants should be from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, and, preferably, of medium size and weight. A sound physique is indispensable.

On the approval of her application, the candidate is admitted to the school for two months, on probation, during which time her board and lodging are furnished free of charge. In the weeks of probation, the candidate is examined in reading, writing, simple arithmetic, and English diction. The examination is to test her ability to read aloud well, to write legibly, and to spell correctly, to take notes of lectures, and to keep simple accounts. If these tests give satisfactory results, the "probationer" becomes a pupil nurse, dons the neat uniform of blue and white gingham, the white apron and cap, and is a full member of the busy little community.

The training continues two years from the date of entrance into the school. The pupil divides the day between the bedside and the class-room. The instruction includes:—

1. The dressing of blisters, burns, sores, and wounds; preparation and application of fomentations, poultices, cups, and leeches, and of minor dressings.

2. The administration of enemas, the use of the catheter, and the management of appliances for uterine troubles.

3. The management of helpless patients, making beds, changing clothing, giving baths in bed, prevention and treatment of bed-sores, and the best methods of friction to the body and extremities.

4. Bandaging, making bandages, and lining splints.

5. Care of patients' rooms; changing sheets while the patient is in bed; the best methods of supplying fresh air, and of warming rooms and hospital wards.

6. Certain emergencies, and how to treat them.

7. The preparation and serving of food to the sick.

The pupils are also taught to make accurate observations, and reports to the physician, upon the state of the secretions, expectoration, pulse, skin, appetite, temperature of the body, intelligence,—as delirium or stupor,—breathing, sleep, condition of wounds, eruptions, formation of pus, effect of diet, of stimulants, and of medicines; also, the management of convalescents. Lectures are given by a staff of physicians on elementary anatomy and physiology, urinology, toxicology, and many other subjects.

For the services of the superintendent and nurses on duty in the hospital the city of St. Louis pays, each month, a sum which varies with the number of nurses employed. Out of this a monthly allowance of $10 for the first year and $12 for the second is made each pupil. This sum is allowed for dress, text-books, and other personal expenses, and is in no wise intended as wages, it being considered that the instruction given is a full equivalent for services. Board and washing are furnished without charge, and in illness all pupils have gratuitous medical attendance. The nurses have one day off duty once a month, and one-half of each Sunday. A vacation of two weeks is allowed in each year, and some time is given for daily exercise in the open air.

When the full term of two years is ended, the nurses thus trained are at liberty to choose their own field of labor, whether in hospitals or in private families.

Schools for training nurses have done much to make clear the evils of untrained nursing. Intelligent people see that the best results are to be expected only when the directions of the trusted physician are implicitly followed, and that the modern treatment of disease demands the continuous, thoughtful attention of a trained expert. The intelligent family is no longer content to trust a fight, whose loss means saddest bereavement and years of hidden pain, to the sole direction of a commander who is on the field of battle only half an hour in the twenty-four. He must have a lieutenant, an executive officer, who will see his orders carried out, who will call him to the spot if an emergency arises, and who can be trusted to act wisely in those crises where the right thing must be done at once.

There are now, happily, many who know by experience the relief given and the confidence inspired by the presence of a trained

nurse at the bedside. But it is the doctor who can best bear witness to her usefulness. No one but a physician can appreciate the odds against recovery when the severely ill are left to the tender but awkward mercies of their own flesh and blood. It is not too much to say that the treatment of typhoid fever, of a severe pneumonia,—of a dozen other maladies,—in a private house, without a trained nurse, is a calamity. At the best, it is giving the enemy a very long start.

Hospital training does not make nurses callous or unsympathetic. It is absurd to suppose that an untrained nurse is more a woman than a trained nurse. Far from it. The influence of a good school is all for true womanliness. Constant contact with suffering humanity does not make hard a tender heart. Tenderness, like all physical qualities, grows with the demand. It is the oil in the widow's cruse. Hospital training teaches merely that the eye must not be dim during an operation, nor the hand tremble which holds the fractured arm while the surgeon binds on the splint.

A trained nurse cannot be made in a private house. Only in a great hospital is to be found the immense number of cases necessary to secure that repetition and variety of experience which give confidence. The trained nurse is quick and helpful in the emergencies of private practice because she has repeatedly met similar emergencies in the hospital. She has been tried in the fire.

But the well-conducted school for training nurses does much more than make the hand skilful and the eye observant. The golden rule of the trained nurse is a soldierly obedience to the orders of the physician. She is taught that gossip is dishonorable, and that skeletons should be kept in closets; that she must be ready with the hand, and not with the tongue; that her calling is a noble one, and worthy of the best efforts of refined and cultivated women.

The life of a trained nurse in a great hospital is an arduous one; yet it is so full of human interest, so crowded with thinking and caring for others, that the days pass swiftly, and the momentous two years soon slip away. It is an exciting life. The early breakfast, the first sight of the great, sunny wards with their long rows of cots, the quick glance from bed to bed, noting a vacant place where yesterday was none, the coming of the stretcher men bearing between them a new patient already bathed and clothed in the hospital uniform, the feeding of the very ill, the giving of the morning medicine,—so the day begins. It is eight o'clock and the doctor enters, going from bed to bed, questioning the nurse about the symptoms during his absence, and stopping now and again to explain some point of diagnosis or of treatment. Later come recitations, the surgical clinics, a bandaging class, or a half-hour in the autopsy-room. The afternoon is gone, directions for the night are given, and the nurse goes home.

What a beautiful home it is! Not every house has a character. This house has. It is wide and not too high. The windows are large and clear. The eaves project. The dark red walls of pressed brick rise from a fresh, green lawn. Hospitality, comfort, neatness, and order seem inseparable from such a house. The interior is charming. How different from the hospital wards is this broad corridor with its graceful stairs, these large, bright, low-ceiled rooms! How different and how restful! This is the sitting-room, with its study table; and beyond is the well-appointed class-room. The comfortable dining-room has china for thirty guests. In it is held the Thanksgiving feast. On the upper floors are capital bedrooms.

Here we may leave the trained nurse to find in the beauty and comfort of her surroundings compensation for the toil of the day, and consider if this strenuous life of hers is worth living.

Does it pay? Pecuniarily, it certainly does. A graduate of the St. Louis Training School for Nurses may confidently expect employment three hundred days in the year.

For this service she receives $2.50 to $3 a day and her board and lodging. Few women earn so much. Private nursing means contact with people of wealth and refinement,—people who appreciate the devotion of the nurse and who as a rule do what lies in their power to make her stay in their house pleasant.

But there are higher considerations than these material ones. The woman who seeks to make her life useful to others can find no better opportunity than this. It is a calling

in which the best pecuniary success is inseparable from persevering adherence to a high ideal.

A WOMAN'S OBSERVATIONS IN GERMANY.

The military element in Germany strikes the American forcibly and unpleasantly. Forts and fortifications all down the Rhine, and on the frontiers of each petty state! Soldiers everywhere, until it seems as if all the young men of Germany must be in the army! What a tax upon the wealth of a nation to support such an army, and what a poor use to make of money and men!

After all, our boasted nineteenth century civilization has not wholly destroyed the savage element in society. The great powers, all armed to the teeth, defy one another to combat; and it is only the costliness of war and the uncertainty of the issue which prevents a great European war, and has prevented it for the last fifteen years. It will be for this more than for any other reason that there will cease to be wars: they are becoming so expensive and so destructive that even victory may ruin a nation.

Modern Germany rests upon an essentially military basis. The great railroads, the postal system, and the telegraph are all under government control, officered and managed on the same general basis as the army. In some respects this paternalism works well: accidents are extremely rare on German railroads, and, consequently, there is much greater security for life and property than on American railroads. But the American public is much better served, the American cars are much more comfortable, luggage is transported without extra expense, and transportation is much more rapid.

The rate of speed of travelling in Germany is about fifteen miles an hour. It would take about a week to make the journey between New York and Chicago at the average rate of German trains. The American could never endure this, and would prefer a little more risk with much more speed.

Everything in Germany being regulated by government, from the making of beer and bread to the management of the universities, no wonder Germany is the hotbed of socialistic theories. People accustomed to seeing government interfere in so many things conclude that, if all things were managed, and differently managed, by government, there would be plenty and comfort for all. And, in those disposed to be rebellious under the existing order, theories of anarchy naturally spring up from irritation at the continual interference of government.

It is astonishing how little poverty comes to the surface in German cities. Even in Vienna, where there is always great suffering among the poor, no beggars are seen on the streets. The people look comfortably fed and clad, and, with the continual drinking of beer, there seems to be no drunkenness; but the beer certainly must be of different quality from the American, and there must be something in the climatic conditions enabling people to drink it in larger quantities without apparent evil consequences.

The fact is, the Germans eat and drink at all hours and at all times. The German stomach must be differently constructed from the American, for this defiance of all hygienic laws produces no bad results. The German men and women and children thrive in bad air, upon unwholesome food eaten, not three times, but from five to eight times a day, and on an unlimited quantity of beer and very strong and bad coffee.

Food is much higher and poorer in quality than in America. Living is dearer in German cities than in American, if the same manner of living is adopted. Americans can and do live much more cheaply abroad than at home, because they live very differently. Dresden is one of the most desirable cities for Americans wishing to live in Germany. The beauty and healthfulness of its situation are enhanced by its broad and modern streets and beautiful buildings. The climate is very trying, but perhaps not worse than our New England coast. There is very little sunshine in winter anywhere in Germany.

Good apartments can be rented in Dresden for three or four hundred dollars per year; but there are none of the conveniences and comforts of American apartment houses,—no bath-rooms, no water save in the kitchen, no furnaces, and seldom gas. The sojourner abroad must be reconciled to mounting many flights of stone stairs, to cold halls, dark

and unattractive entrances,—in fact, to do without many of the comforts and all of the æsthetic attractions of American homes. Having accepted the situation, living will be found reasonable in cost, and tolerably comfortable. Food and fuel are dear all over Europe. Labor of all kinds, skilled and unskilled, is cheap. A good cook can be hired for fifty dollars a year, a good housemaid for thirty; and, at the other end of the social scale, the professor will receive but a few hundred dollars per year, and a skilled physician, one with a great reputation,—a court physician, even,—charges but a dollar and a quarter a visit. Lessons of all kinds are very cheap; and the professors are excellent, for the Germans are born teachers.

The housekeeper's paradise, however, is not in Germany; for servants, as a rule, are untidy and inefficient. The German *Hausfrau* spoils her domestics by working with them too much, and expects and obtains no such daintiness of service as the American housekeeper generally contrives to obtain from the most unpromising material. The æsthetic element in living is not a quality found or expected in middle-class German households. But in America many women contrive to surround their families with the same air of refinement, the same daintiness in food and table service, with the help of one inefficient domestic, as is found in homes of the wealthy where a number of servants are kept. Perhaps the price paid is out of proportion to the value of the result, for it means a tremendous wear and tear of the nervous energy and physical strength of the housewife.

German housekeeping is much simpler than American housekeeping. The breakfast is invariably bread, butter, and coffee, with, perhaps, an egg or a little jam or honey, but usually it is simply bread, butter, and coffee; dinner at one o'clock, not at all elaborate; and supper at seven, consisting of a hot chop, or cold meat, bread and butter. All bread, cake, and nearly all desserts are bought at the baker's and confectioner's. Washing is reduced in most German households to the smallest possible quantity, and wash-day comes only once every five or six weeks. Some families with large supplies of linen wash only once in three months. In all *pensions* in Germany, clean linen is dealt out very sparingly, and the German idea of the quantity essential to cleanliness differs greatly from the American.

But in educational advantages Germany excels the world. Yet her polytechnic schools and her universities resolutely close their doors to her daughters. If a German girl wishes a higher education, she must go to more liberal England or Switzerland. Music and art alone are open to girls; and the instruction in both branches is excellent, and very reasonable in price. The conservatories of Leipzig, Dresden, Munich, Berlin, Stuttgart, Düsseldorf, and many other cities offer the best of instruction at prices which sound very cheap to Americans. All these cities have excellent theatres and operas, partly supported by government, so that prices of admission are very low. Good seats can be bought for the opera in Dresden for fifty cents each, and the singers are always of real ability. Good concerts, good music in the *café*, in the parks, and in the churches, educate the musical taste of the people. The galleries with their beautiful pictures, found in every large city in Germany, cultivate a love for art.

There is, however, a different theory of education in Germany from that we are accustomed to in America. In our public schools mathematics is the test study. If a child can be brought up to grade in mathematics, the rest is easy. In Germany languages are given the prominent place in the school curriculum. Latin and French are both required studies in the schools which correspond to our grammar schools. In the higher schools English is taught as an optional study.

This study of languages has given the Germans special advantages over the French and English in many lines of business. In both France and England many Germans are employed in business houses because of their linguistic ability. Of course, in Europe, where different nationalities are so near together, and have so much business intercourse, a knowledge of foreign tongues is much more necessary than in America, though it is growing to be more important for Americans to speak French and German. The great numbers of Germans in our country, and the increasing business dealings with Europe, make knowledge of

French and German more valuable each year to the business man.

For general culture and for purposes of travel, there is no questioning the great value of a knowledge of French and German. It has been held a good bit of sarcasm to ask, "What is the use of being able to say nothing in many tongues?" The poor traveller in a foreign land, with no ability to speak anything but his native English, would thankfully repeat the phrases of Ollendorff, and ask for "the shoes of the wife of his cousin," if he could make any one understand even that sentence, so hard is it to be shut off from all speech with our fellows.

Even a smattering of French and German is a great help to the traveller; for, with such a smattering and the aid of one of the many good conversation phrase-books, a good deal can be accomplished toward simplifying travelling and finding out much of the real life of the people in a foreign land. What the traveller requires is not a grammatical knowledge of the language, but a small vocabulary of words in ordinary use and a knowledge of the most common idioms and phrases. A few weeks under a good teacher will do a great deal toward furnishing an available knowledge of French or German, and the traveller in Europe will be very thankful for the hours he has devoted to learning to speak either language.

Marie C. Remick.
Stuttgart, Germany.

THE TRIAL OF REV. HOWARD MACQUEARY.

The trial for heresy of Rev. Howard MacQueary by the Protestant Episcopal church is an event of so much interest and significance in the theological world that we should hardly be justified in not giving a more full report of it than we did in our last. We have seen no report better than the following from the *Christian Union*:—

Many features of the trial of Rev. Howard MacQueary, rector of St. Paul's Church, Canton, Ohio, held in Cleveland, Ohio, before a diocesan court, make it remarkable and worthy of reporting. It is asserted, on good authority, that it was the first trial of its kind in the history of the Protestant Episcopal church. The charges against the defendant were of the most serious kind, and based on statements in a book which has had wide circulation. The testimony of the witnesses was written, not oral, thus shortening the trial and lessening the opportunity for misunderstanding, and entirely excluding that display of feeling and hatred which witnesses too often exhibit. The prosecution and the court gave to the defendant every right and courtesy which it was possible to give. At no time during the trial was there the slightest display of feeling, and the tone and spirit of the entire proceedings were on a rare, high plane of Christian courtesy,—disappointing, doubtless, many who had hoped for an opportunity to point with sneers at a "bear-garden scene" and say scoffingly, "Behold how these Christians love one another," and gratifying to those who had predicted that the dignity and gentility of Christian "churchmen" would prevent them from participating in a conventional, bitter, unchristian heresy trial.

Moreover, those who had formed their opinion of the character and ability of the defendant from the distortions of his utterances which have appeared in the secular and religious press, and expected a sensational, virulent, specious defence, were gratified to discover the ability and sincerity which Mr. MacQueary possesses. Men who have not the slightest sympathy with his doctrinal views were compelled to acknowledge the ability of his defence and the purity of his motives. Justice to the prosecutor demands that it should be said that he prosecuted because ordered to do so, and because it was a matter of loyalty rather than because he really wished to convict the defendant. At the conclusion of the arguments, the court retired with testimony and argument, and its verdict will be announced only after careful review of testimony and argument, and then to Bishop Leonard, who has the power to mitigate, but not increase, the court's sentence, or to order a new trial, and from his decision there can be no appeal.

The trial began Wednesday morning and ended Thursday afternoon. The court, which was elected by the diocese long before Mr. MacQueary's case became prominent, and hence was chosen, not because of any especial fitness for the duty of trying him, nor because the canon contemplated trial for

heresy,—the rather, trials for breach of morals, etc.,—this court included Rev. Messrs. Y. P. Morgan, A. B. Putnam, and H. D. Aves of Cleveland, W. B. Gallagher of Painesville, and George F. Smythe of Elyria, and had for counsellor Hon. George T. Chapman. The prosecutor appointed by the Diocesan Standing Committee was Rev. Dr. C. S. Bates of Cleveland, and the defendant had as legal adviser Judge MacMath, both of the lawyers being lay members of the church.

The presentment against Mr. MacQueary made by the Standing Committee of the diocese to Bishop Leonard was a lengthy document, in which extracts from Mr. MacQueary's book were quoted to sustain the formal charges, namely: (1) "That, by printing and publishing the book, 'The Evolution of Man and Christianity,' and by still holding and teaching the opinions therein set forth regarding the origin, birth, and resurrection of our Lord, he has held and taught, and is now holding and teaching publicly and advisedly, doctrines contrary to those held by the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America"; (2) "That, by holding and teaching these views, he has violated declarations and engagements made by him at the time of his ordination, and thus has done that which renders a breach of his ordination vows."

The passages from Mr. MacQueary's book especially brought to the attention of the court were:—

(P. 218.) "All the earliest narratives of our Lord's life and teachings fail to furnish us even approximately satisfactory proof of the virgin birth, but the evidence adducible rather seems to favor the view that Joseph was the father of Jesus."

(P. 221.) "The story of the virgin-born, as it stands in the gospel, is so improbable, and the evidence supporting it so uncertain, that criticism cannot accept it."

(P. 223.) "It were much better for the cause of religion frankly to acknowledge the meagreness and weakness of the evidence adducible in support of the traditional views, and to offer an explanation which, while it robs the birth of the supernatural drapery, yet retains the great fact that an avatar of God was born of Mary and Joseph."

(P. 225.) "The earliest tradition concerning Christ's resurrection simply teaches that it was a spiritual appearance,—he showed himself in spirit to the apostles; and this was not a subjective hallucination of theirs, but a real objective manifestation of the spirit of Jesus from the unseen sphere. Around this kernel gradually grew the husky narratives of the gospel, whose authorship is so uncertain, whose conceptions are so grossly materialistic, so inconsistent with the conceptions of the unseen sphere which scientific theology forces upon us."

The defendant pleaded "not guilty." Testimony being called for, the prosecutor offered a copy of the book, "The Evolution of Man and Christianity," and later submitted the Prayer-book and Canon of the church, calling especial attention to the phrases in the Apostles' and Nicene creeds referring to the origin, birth, and resurrection of Jesus, to the collect for Christmas, the Epistles and Gospels for Monday and Tuesday in Easter week, and the Scripture lessons appointed for the Advent, Christmas, and Easter seasons, and the prefaces for Christmas and Ascension Days; also, the fourth Article of Religion.

The defendant's counsel offered statements of Mr. MacQueary's, as found on pages 220, 225-227, 286, of his book, which explain and modify his views on the Incarnation and Resurrection; also 1 Corinthians xv., Isaiah vii., the Four Gospels, portions of the Acts, quotations from Justin Martyr's "Dialogue with Trypho," chapter xlviii.; from the article on "Creeds" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, from the decisions of the Privy Council of the English church, and from the published works of Rev. Messrs. E. A. Abbott, H. R. Haweis, and R. Heber Newton.

The argument of the prosecutor in support of the presentment emphasized these points: 1. The question raised is not at all regarding the inherent value of the defendant's views and teachings, but simply as to the relation of those views and teachings to the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal church. The canons of the church do not say that the holding and teaching of any kind of doctrinal belief is morally culpable; but they do say that the holding and teaching of some kinds of belief is not to be allowed on the part of those who stand in the church's pulpits. 2. We may be en-

tirely sure that the canons regard the Apostles' Creed and Nicene Creed as of doctrinal authority. 3. If the sixth article—namely, "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith," etc.—is authoritative in its supposed grant of liberty and private judgment and latitude in teaching, then the eighth article,—namely, "The Nicene Creed and that which is commonly called the Apostle's Creed ought thoroughly to be received and believed; for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture,"—and the fourth article,—namely, "Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to man's nature," etc.,—these articles must be equally authoritative in limitation of such private judgment.

Mr. MacQueary spoke in his own defence, speaking over two hours,—using manuscript,—never betraying a trace of bitterness, and showing a self-control, mastery of his argument, and exemption from crude, startling, sensational expressions which surprised and gratified those who had prejudged him.

He first replied to the charge that he had violated his ordination vows. He quoted these vows and several of the Articles of Religion to prove the contention that the church taught the doctrine that the individual must test and interpret creeds and articles by Scripture, and not Scripture by creeds and articles. The church allows differences of opinion upon the doctrines of inspiration, the atonement, the sacraments; and the clergyman must test these by Scripture. But there is a limit beyond which he cannot go,—so it is said,—and that limit is the creeds. "I maintain that this limitation to the exercise of private judgment is not only imaginary, but disproved by Article VIII."

He then showed why the church had never allowed the decisions of the early church councils to be considered infallible, and why the church or the individual ought never to believe that, because the majority believed a thing to be true, it must therefore be true. But, if it was insisted by some that he was advocating new theories, he wished to call attention to the fact that the original form of the Nicene Creed (cf. Principal Tulloch's article on "Creeds," Encyclopædia Britannica), formulated by a council called for the express purpose of defining the doctrine of the Incarnation, contains no reference to the virgin birth of Jesus, and does not define the resurrection; also to the fact that Justin Martyr, in his "Dialogue with Trypho," tells that many Christians in his day—140 A.D.—believed that Christ was born man of man; and, while not agreeing with those who so believed, Justin tells Trypho that so to believe did not of necessity forbid belief in the Incarnation.

To the charge that he denied the incarnation and divinity of Christ he replied:—

"It is false. On page 286 of my book I say, 'Defining the divinity of Jesus Christ to consist in a perfect union of his human spirit with the divine, we must be able to prove that this spirit existed.' That is simply another way of expressing the doctrine embodied in our second article of religion, which I believe. I think that the mode of Christ's birth and the fact of his divine character are two entirely different questions."

To the charge that he denies the miraculous conception he replied:—

"This also is false. On page 220 of my book I say: 'I hold with Keim and many of the evolutionists that as great a miracle was wrought at the birth of Jesus as was wrought when life or self-conscious mind was introduced on our globe. A distinct leap was made in the process of spiritual evolution at his birth, whereby the goal toward which humanity is moving was realized in one case. Jesus was therefore the possibility of the human race made real.' In other words, I believe that Jesus was a sinless being, that he had a perfect moral and spiritual nature, and that this perfect nature was produced by a special operation of the Divine Spirit. The human spirit of Jesus was infused into a human body by a special exertion of the Divine will. That is, he was 'conceived by the Holy Ghost,' acting along the lines of natural generation, albeit on a higher plane than that of his ordinary action. A perfect man would be a moral miracle; and, believing as I do in Christ's sinlessness, I must believe that it was due

to the God within him. I therefore differ from many, not all, theologians, simply in interpreting this article of creed. I hold that there are two views of Christ's birth in the New Testament, one of which assigns him only one earthly parent, and another giving him two parents, and therefore we must make a choice; and, exercising the liberty which the church gives me, I claim that I may adopt either one of these views which seems to me the more reasonable and credible."

The Scripture cited by Mr. MacQueary in support of his views on the virgin-birth are Matthew xiii. 55, John vi. 42, Luke ii. 41–48; also the fact that Paul, who was the first to write about Jesus, says nothing of the miracle, nor does Mark, while Matthew and Luke give the genealogy of Joseph, the one carrying it back to David, the other to Adam.

To the charge that he denied the resurrection he said:—

"On pages 225-227 of my book, I explicitly accept the doctrine of the resurrection, as stated by Saint Paul in First Corinthians xv., which is the doctrine of this church in her burial service. I do indeed claim, and I give fact and reason to support the claim, that Saint Paul's account of the resurrection was written before the gospel account; that it must be interpreted by his vision on the way to Damascus, by his statement that there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body; that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, and that the body which is buried is not the body that shall be the organ of the soul in the spiritual world. I hold that Saint Paul treats Christ's resurrection as the prototype, 'the first fruits' of our own; and, since he distinctly says that God will give us different bodies in or after death from those which are buried, it follows logically that Christ's resurrection body was not that body which was crucified and laid in the sepulchre. I hold, further, not that the Gospel accounts are false, but that they are substantially true: only a few additions seem to have been made to the primitive Pauline account. I hold that the theory of a spiritual appearance of Christ after death explains the Gospel narratives themselves, with the exception of a few passages, better than the old doctrine; and those excepted passages cannot be rationally and fairly explained by the old view."

Then, to show the eminently respectable and scholarly companions in heresy—if heresy it be—he has in the English and American clerical ranks, he quoted aptly and freely from "The Kernel and the Husk," by Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, "Christ and Christianity," by Rev. H. R. Haweis, an article by Canon Fremantle in the *Popular Science Monthly*, June, 1887, "Church and Creed," by Prof. Alfred Momerie of King's College, the last two Bampton lecturers, "Foundation of the Creeds," by the Bishop of Carlisle, and from a sermon by Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York City, as well as from personal letters from American clergymen (without revealing the authors' identity), all showing the latitude of belief tolerated within the English church and the spread of similar views in the United States.

Mr. MacQueary devoted the latter part of his argument to a statement of the peculiar characteristics of the present age, the lack of wisdom, as it seemed to him, in the church's attempting to decide minor points of doctrinal belief in a time of theological transition and flux, and a summary of his entire argument and restatement of his belief in the essentials of the faith.

The prosecutor, in rebutting Mr. MacQueary's argument, did not deny the correctness of the defendant's statement about the original form of the Nicene Creed, but contended that it was by the Nicene Creed in its present form that he was to be judged. Nor ought the court to be influenced by any opinion it might have of what the standards of belief might be in the future. They simply had to consider the standard of to-day.

He granted that creeds should be interpreted by Scripture, and not Scripture by creeds; but he would not grant to individuals the power to reject and accept at pleasure, no matter what the church might say on the subject.

He would not for a moment contend that, if a man found creeds contrary to Scripture, he must use them; but a clergyman is where he must use them. He is a teacher in a teaching church: he cannot be forced to teach that which he does not believe, but it is his place either voluntarily or involun-

tarily to give up his place as teacher, when he begins to tear down rather than build up. The Scripture which expresses the mind of the church on the doctrinal points in dispute is found, naturally enough, in those portions which the church has selected to group around the holy days of the birth, death, and resurrection of the Saviour; and these portions clearly contradict the teachings of the defendant.

Mr. MacQueary, in a brief reply to the prosecutor, pointed to several "fatal" admissions in the prosecutor's plea; namely, "that creeds must be interpreted by Scripture," "that various interpretations of Scripture and creeds have been and still are permitted by the church," "that the use of 1 Cor. xv. as the church's burial service forbids all dogmatizing on the nature of the resurrection," "that the Council of Nice did not insist on the virgin-birth and the physical resurrection."

To the prosecutor's contention "that, while the church has no authorized theory of inspiration and method of interpretation of Scripture, she has selected certain portions for use in the service on certain days, upon which she has set her approval," he replied: "In other words, the church offers certain parts of Scripture as authoritative doctrinal standards, but lets us do as we please with the balance. This contention is of a piece with that which holds that, while the Thirty-nine Articles may be interpreted by facts and reason and Scripture, yet the creeds may not be so interpreted. In selecting portions of the Gospels and Epistles for use on certain days, she does not exalt these portions above other parts which deal with the same subject. On the contrary, it is distinctly said in the Twentieth Article that we must not so expound one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another. Hence, when we find two conflicting accounts of the birth and resurrection of Jesus in the New Testament, we must not reject both as worthless, much less resort to a far-fetched reconciliation; but we must give preference to that which seems the more rational, probable, credible." G. P. M.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

THE POETIC ATHANASIAN CREED.

Nothing reveals the intrinsic beauty of such doctrines as the trinity, the fall of the race in Adam, total depravity, and an eternal hell, as does putting them into poetry. The music of rhyme and the melody of rhythm seem just what are wanting to bring out their hidden loveliness.

We never fully realized how inspiring is the Athanasian Creed which our brethren of the Church of England cling to with such heroic and tender devotion, until we chanced to come across it lately tuned to poetic numbers. Here it is. It is taken from a delicious old "blackletter" "Book of Common Prayer," dated 1662, "collected into English Meeter by Thomas Steinhold, John Hopkins, and others, . . . with apt notes to sing them withall. Set forth and allowed to be sung in all Churches, of all the people together, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons; and moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songs and Ballads, which tend only to the nourishing of Vice, and corrupting of youth."

THE CREED.

What man soever he be
that salvation will attain,
The catholick belief he must
before all things retain.
Which faith unlesse he wholly keep,
and undefiledly,
Without all doubt eternally
he shall be sure to die.

The catholick belief is this,
that God we worship one
In trinitie, and trinitie
in unity alone:
So as we neither do confound
the persons of the thrée,
Nor yet the substance whole of one
in sunder parted be.

One person of the Father is,
another of the Sonne,
Another person proper of
the holy Ghost alone.
Of Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost,
but one the Godhead is:
Like glory, coeternall eke
the majestié likewise.

Such as the Father is, such is
the Sonne in each degree:
And such also we do believe
the holy Ghost to be.
Uncreate is the Father, and
uncreate is the Sonne:
The holy Ghost uncreate, so
uncreate is each one.

Incomprehensible Father is,
incomprehensible Sonne:
And comprehensible also is
the holy Ghost of none.
The Father is eternall, and
the Sonne eternall so:
And in like sort eternall is
the holy Ghost also.

And yet though we beleeve that each
of these eternall be:
Yet there but one eternal is,
and not eternals three.
As ne incomprehensible we,
ne yet uncreate three:
But one incomprehensible, one
uncreate hold to be.

Almighty so the Father is,
the Sonne Almighty so,
And in like sort Almighty is
the holy Ghost also.
And albeit that every one
of these Almighty be;
Yet there but one Almighty is,
and not Almighties three.

The Father God is, God the Sonne,
God holy Ghost also:
Yet are there not thrée Gods at all,
but one God and no moe.
So likewise Lord the Father is,
and Lord also the Sonne:
And Lord the holy Ghost, yet are
there not thrée Lords, but one.

For as we are compell'd to grant,
by Christian veritie,
Each of the persons by himselfe,
both God and Lord to be,
So Catholique Religion
forbiddeth us alway,
That either Gods be thrée, or that
thrée Lords be there to say.

Of none the Father is, ne made,
ne create, nor begot:
The Sonne is of the Father, not
create, ne made, but got.
The holy Ghost is of them both,
the Father and the Sonne:
Ne made, ne create, nor begot,
but both procéed alone.

So we one Father hold, not thrée,
one Sonne also, not thrée:
One holy Ghost alone, and not
thrée holy Ghosts to be.
None in this Trinity before,
nor after other is:
Ne greater any than the rest:
ne lesser be likewise.

But every one among themselves,
of all the persons thrée:
Together coeternall all,
and all coequall be.
So Unity in Trinity,
as said it is before:
And Trinity in Unity,
in all things we adore.

Therefore what man soever that
salvation will attain,
This faith touching the Trinity,
of force he must retaine.
And néedful to eternall life,
it is that every wight,
Of the incarnating of Christ,
our Lord believe aright.

For this the right Faith is, that we
believe and eke do know:
That Christ our Lord the Sonne of God,
is God and man also.
God of his Fathers substance got,
before the world began:
And of his Mothers substance borne,
in world a very man.

Both perfect God and perfect man
in one, one Jesus Christ:
That doth of reasonable soule,
and humane flesh subsist.
Touching his God-head, equall with
his Father, God is he:
Touching his man-hood, lower than
his Father in degrée.

Who though he be both very God,
and very man also:
Yet is he but one Christ alone,
and is not persons two.
One, not by turning of God-head
into the flesh of man:
But by taking manhood to God,
this being one began.

All one, not by confounding of
the substance into one:
But onely by the Unity,
that is of one person.
For as the reasonable soule
and flesh but one man is:
So in one person God and man,
is but one Christ likewise.

Who suffered for to save us all,
To Hell he did descend:
The third day rose again from death,
to heaven he did ascend.
He sits at the right hand of God,
th' Almighty Father there:
From thence to judge the quicke and dead
againe he shall appear.

At whose return all men shall rise
With bodies new restor'd,
And of their own works they shall give
account unto the Lord.
And they into eternall life
shall goe that have done well:
Who have done ill shall go into
eternall fire to dwell.

This is the Catholick belief:
who doth not faithfully
Believe the same, without all doubt
he saved cannot be.

To Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost,
All glory be therefore,
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HELPFUL THOUGHTS.

Sweet, true rest is no cheap, idle, undeserved relaxation. It comes most gratefully after large-souled action, heroic or simple, as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." How mean and earthly the lying-down hour of delving selfishness! Blessed be the repose that crowns long devoted Christian work! On high and happy vantage-ground are they who are diligently earning precious Sabbatical rest and divine quietude.

When Paul had "fought a good fight" and was about to come off the field of valiant service, then was the season of celestial calm and well-pleasing introversion, with we know not how much accumulated light in his face, such as never shone on land or sea.

It is not good that religion be too much on the wing with inordinate buzzing, and with many liabilities to sting. Let religion settle down among nature's opening petals and fair humanities, and make ever so much needed sweetness.

All being of divine origin, the arms of the Almighty are beneath all. But it is one thing to lie in God's embrace like a senseless block on the lap of earth; another thing to lie in the Father's arms, looking up into his face with tender, childlike, loving recognition.

God is the Source and Revealer of all truth, is in the science of Watt, Whitney, and Bessemer as well as in the religion of John, Channing, and Parker. Science knows only as God first knows. He is near to humanity in engine and telephone, no less than in grace, love, and mercy proper.

W. M. Bicknell.

Malden, Mass.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The chief feature of the rite of communion is that it identifies the disciples with their Master in his moment of utter humiliation and surrender, and so bears witness to the great truth that the very essence and crown of our religion is self-sacrifice. We cannot embrace his cross, and yet refuse our own. We cannot raise the cup of remembrance to our lips without a secret pledge to him, to one another, to the great company of the faithful in every age, that we, too, hold ourselves at God's disposal; that we will ask nothing on our own account; that we will pass simply into the Divine Hand, to take us whither it will. Be this the vow of our hearts, and "so let us take of this bread and drink of this cup."

Few, perhaps, even among favored men, are free from some haunting sorrow; and to every faithful mind, however placed, there is an inward heroism, a secret self-renunciation, not only possible, but indispensable, which may well make the form of Jesus toiling on to Calvary the dearest and holiest image to the thoughts. Angels only can serve the perfect Will without a painful self-denial.

There are times, indeed, of kindled purpose and high affection to us all, when the spirit is willing and the faculty is strong, when the mighty stream of resolution sweeps rapidly away, and plays with difficulties as with the momentary bubbles that eddy on its wave, when a purer atmosphere seems to clean and swell the soul, and every speck of evil passion melts and disappears; and then, indeed, to the meek and holy there is no cross to bear. But duty is constant, affection transient. Obligation often rises while the spirit sinks; and, after the divine freshness of the morning air, a sluggish mist damps down, and turns life which had looked brilliant as Eden into a flat, weary marsh. And then it comes to pass that we know the path wherein we should go, but love it no more. Ease bids us stay at home, inclination shows us a pleasanter way; or, if we set out on the thorny track, we begin to pity our own bleeding feet and reward with admiration our half-spent strength. When the soul has lost its earliest tension, evil with close collapse presses in upon it again, worthless temptations resume a dreadful force. Yet one loss of the quick and willing spirit does not alter or abate the solemn charge committed to our hands. The elastic love is gone, the binding duty stays: the only difference is that the ceaseless pressure of circumambient necessity unfelt by the full soul becomes a painful strain upon an exhausted nature. This is the cross daily we are called to bear, notwithstanding the languid mind and heavy heart, to maintain an ever persistent service, to go with patience

on and on, assured that, if we will, we can take just the next step well. This inward denial, this resolute self-mastery, is the peculiar service which, as human, and not always inclined to the best, yet, as Christians, bound never to do the worst, we are expected to render. Our work must be achieved, if not from momentary love of it, yet from persistent love of the God who gives it. Ay, and the burden must be borne, not with elaborate effort and audible sighs and pains that self-complacency takes care to reckon, but with a cheerful spirit that can put the poor, obtrusive self aside, with an unsparing mind that never counts the cost at which a duty must be done, with entire relinquishment of rights, desiring only leave of service, with sedate and tranquil frame like that of Christ through his last day, which beneath a divine composure concealed a universe of thought.

We have fallen, alas! on restless days of too much speech; and few there are that can do a noble thing and say nothing. But God loves the silent sacrifice, and no offering is stricken for him unless it bleeds on the hidden altar of the heart. For his children, struggling faithfully with the burden of life, his heavenly pity is ever on the watch; nor does he leave them long in the languor of a weary mind, but comes himself with the blessed inspiration that renews their strength as the eagle's. There is nothing true in earth or heaven, if it be not a law of his that holy deed shall end in holy thought and holy love and patient obedience. Down upon the dust mature the rapid wings by which to soar, and gladly worship at heaven's gate. But let not this be a care to us: it is a selfish religion that grows querulous at its own coldness, and cannot stir the will until it attains a rapture. Our sole business is to abide and serve, to keep our assigned place and grow. Meanwhile, what is to sustain our precarious patience? what to help us in the arduous hour?

There is no support like that which we feel when others in our sight have borne their burden well.

Who would turn and flee when brothers near fight the good fight, and are resolved to finish their course? And, as we sit beneath the cross, we turn our eye upon the Prince of Souls: we see the extremity of trial, the sublimest of victories. Let us be of good cheer: the faithful have a living Leader in the heavens.—*James Martineau, D.D., in the Christian Life.*

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE COMMUNION IN OUR CHURCHES.

A discussion has been going on among our English Unitarian brethren for some weeks, in the columns of the London *Inquirer*, over the subject of the Communion. Many ministers and laymen have freely expressed their views on the subject. There seems to be no greater uniformity of practice or of judgment regarding the celebration of this rite among English Unitarians than among Americans. A part of the churches in both countries esteem it highly, and practise it, some once in two months, some once in three or six months, some every month. Others have long ago given it up, or, if they are new churches, have never adopted it, believing that the objections to it are so great as to more than outweigh the good.

One interesting fact becomes plain: it is this,—that, whereas the observance of the communion is regarded by many, and doubtless with reason, as having a tendency to deepen spirituality among those who are attached to it and engage in it with affectionate zeal, it yet cannot be taken as a measure of a church's spiritual life, since many very dead societies practise it, and many of the greatest activity and consecration do not.

There can be no question that the rite is very closely connected in the minds of the people of Christendom in general with the orthodox doctrine of vicarious atonement. This has always been, and long must be, a very serious obstacle in the way of our using it. Nevertheless, there is an interpretation of it, and one which those among us who engage in its observance believe to be much nearer to the original thought of Jesus, which is wholly free from any taint of the objectionable "blood theology." The rational meaning of the Communion and the noble uses it may serve to the Liberal Christian are beautifully set forth in the article of Dr. Martineau printed above.

The question whether this rite shall be observed or not is clearly one which each church must settle for itself. Let no church

that observes it criticise unkindly the church that does not, and let no church that does not observe it look upon the church that does as therefore superstitious. Let each decide upon its own course, as before God, and carry it out in brotherly love.

HOW TO GET GOOD OUT OF LENT.

Unitarians usually make much less of Lent than do their Episcopalian or Catholic brethren. Indeed, many do not observe it at all, having no sympathy either with the abuses which they see so widely prevailing in connection with its observance, or with the theology that prompts the same. There are some of our ministers and churches, however,—and we think an increasing number,—who recognize in Lent possibilities of good too valuable to be cast aside. They see in it a season which may be used to advantage by our churches for a quiet and healthful quickening of their spiritual life. To this end some of our ministers hold special services or series of meetings of one kind or another. Others have confirmation classes, or classes of the young for special religious study. Many impress upon their people the importance of making it a time for private self-examination and the deepening of the streams of their personal faith and practical beneficence.

Dr. Heber Newton, in the last number of his *All Souls' Monthly*, urges upon his people some thoughts as to the true use of Lent that ought to commend themselves to all Christian people who care more for reality than for forms. With such an observance of the season as he proposes, none should be in more sympathy than Unitarians. Says Dr. Newton:—

"Lent returns to us once more. Shall we make a serious and systematic use of it, or shall we play with it in formal observances?

"Wisely and systematically to use it, let every one resolve upon these few points. First, let some special time be set apart for that which is crowded out of the rest of the year,—a chance for each one to be alone with himself. In the incessant round of social duties, always living in the presence of others, one is surprised at times to find how little of the year he really has had to himself and with himself. If Lent means anything at all, it means a retreat from the society of others to that best society which is found within every man. It may be well to know others: it is indispensable, now as of old, to know ourselves.

"That self which is within every man, if he will go far enough into the inner shrine of his being to find it, is always God. 'Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?' Into that inner and most holy place of the true temple we rarely enter. Is it any wonder that we are found so often asking, Where is God? 'Oh, that I knew where I might find him!' Turn within, and search. *Never is a man alone with himself but that he is in the presence of God.*

"Take up some book for systematic reading during the Lenten season,—some book that bears directly on the culture of character, on the inspiration of the inner life. Such books are, happily, in abundance. No one need look far to find them. Every one must have his own favorites in this line, or, if he has not, it is high time that he has found out such favorites. Take them down from the shelves, and read them again carefully. We need, every one, to be at home in the great classics of the soul.

"Order for yourself some real self-discipline. We talk much about it; but how little do we practise it! Even in minor matters it is well at such a season for one to seriously discipline self, if for nothing else, that he may have himself well in hand and strengthen his will, and may thus create habits of self-control which may serve him in good stead in some hour of temptation. It matters little what direction the disciplining take, so that it be a curbing of our desires and inclinations, a checking of our too easy self-indulgence, and the making of a fast, not for our stomachs, but for our sins.

"Let your children learn through this Lent to deny themselves in something of which they are fond, and bring the proceeds to offer at Easter. It will do them good, and be a means of doing good to others.

"Attend the special services that shall be ordered in the parish, and attend them as regularly as possible. *Engage in some real practical bit of human helpfulness.*"

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

JUBILEE POEMS.

At the recent delightful celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Unitarian church in Quincy, Ill., the following hymns, composed for the occasion by two former pastors, were sung:

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

O Light, from age to age the same,
Forever living Word!
Here have we felt Thy kindling flame,
Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair,—
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
What tender memories throng!
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song.

Vanish the mists of time and sense!
They come, the loved of yore;
And one encircling Providence
Holds all forevermore.

Oh, not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine!
Nor theirs whose love and hope and thought
Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide!
While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
The heart and soul of all.

F. L. Hosmer.

IN MEMORIAM.

Serenely ends its fiftieth year,
Our church of simple faith and free.
Of them who formed it, some are here,
Some vanished in life's mystery.

And fifty years ten thousandfold
The pavement of the stars shall ride:
Where shall be then the young and old
Who here assemble, side by side?

We may not see, we may not tell,
We may not name the holy place;
Yet all shall be — we know it well —
Safe in the One Eternal Grace.

Dear church, for thee our thanks we give;
We bless thy hallowed faith serene,
And our One Lord in whom we live,
The souls that are, shall be, have been.

We bless thy prayers, each hymn, each thought,
That have sustained and judged our life:
We bless thy healing influence, fraught
With love and peace above all strife.

Blest be thy future as thy past,
Dear church of simple faith and free!
In all thy truth divine stand fast,
In all thy human charity!

J. V. Blake.

WHAT DOES UNITARIANISM MEAN?

Unitarianism means:—

God, the Universal Father, living and loving;

Religion, obedience to the voice of God;

Christ, the brightest example of God's holy spirit working in man;

The Bible, a record of a nation hearkening to the voice of God;

Humanity, upgrowing and immortal, though still incomplete;

Character, conquest of sin the only solution;

Worship, personal contact with God;

Service, to do good the supreme purpose of life.

Frederick B. Mott.

Salem, Mass.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Much has been said in the papers of this country, and indeed of the world, regarding the death of our great historian, George Bancroft; and much more will be said. Though his work has been only indirectly connected with religion, yet the fact that in early life he studied with a view to the Liberal Christian ministry, and actually preached a few times, and especially the fact that he has filled so distinguished a place in the literary, political, and social history of the country for so long a period, make it fitting that we should devote a little space to a rehearsal of the leading events of his career. We cannot do better than reproduce some paragraphs from articles that have appeared in the press of Boston and New York. From an extended article in the Boston *Advertiser*, we cull the following paragraphs:—

The city of Worcester was the birthplace of George Bancroft, and Oct. 3, 1800, the date of his birth. He was the son of Rev. Aaron Bancroft, D.D., who was a clergyman of some reputation. Young Bancroft pursued his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N.H., and at the early age of thirteen years he entered Harvard College. In 1817 he graduated with the second honors of his class, and in the following year he sailed for Germany. Here, at Göttingen, he remained two years, applying himself to German, French, and Italian literature, the Oriental languages, and literature of Greece and Rome, besides pursuing a thorough course in Greek philosophy. In 1820 he received at Göttingen the degree of

doctor of philosophy, and afterward for a brief period continued his studies at Berlin. During these years he had been a close observer of the methods of Prussian government, and he seized every opportunity of visiting localities of historic interest and of meeting the remarkable men of the time. In a Göttingen vacation he had seen Dresden, and at Jena had made the acquaintance of Goethe. At Heidelberg he studied with the historian Schlosser. In Paris he knew Cousin, Alexander von Humboldt, and Benjamin Constant. In 1821 he passed a month in England, travelled on foot through Switzerland, and spent eight months in Italy, where at Milan he met Manzoni; at Rome, Chevalier Bunsen and Niebuhr.

Mr. Bancroft returned to America in 1822, and for a year acted as a tutor of Greek at Harvard. His earlier studies had been conducted with the ministry in view; and, during this year of tutorship at his Alma Mater, it is related that he preached several sermons which were well received. In 1823 he launched the first of his literary ventures,—a small volume of poems; and this was followed by a translation of Heeren's "Reflections on the Politics of Ancient Greece." Shortly before this, in conjunction with Dr. Joseph Cogswell, who afterward became noted for his connection with the Astor Library in New York, he had established the Round Hill School at Northampton, the purpose of which was to prepare young men for a collegiate course.

It was about this time that Mr. Bancroft first began to take an active part in political life. In 1830 he was elected, without his knowledge, a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, but declined to take his seat; and in a year after he refused a nomination, though certain to be elected, to the Senate of the State. In 1826 Mr. Bancroft had delivered an oration in Northampton, in which he declared himself for universal suffrage and uncompromising democracy. The work on his literary masterpiece, the History of the United States, had already been begun; and the first of the ten volumes appeared in 1834. . . .

Volume II. had appeared in 1837, and Volume III. in 1840. The fourth volume—the first of the History of the Revolution—was published in 1852, and the fifth volume in the following year, when the first three volumes had reached their fifteenth edition. In 1855 Mr. Bancroft published a volume of miscellanies, comprising a portion of articles which from time to time had appeared in the *North American Review*. In the preceding year the sixth volume of his History had made its appearance; and this was followed by the seventh in 1858, the eighth in 1860, the ninth in 1866, and the tenth, completing the work, in 1874. In 1876 he published a revised and much condensed edition of his work in six duodecimo volumes, having spent nearly a year in this labor. In 1882 he published volumes eleven and twelve, under the title of "History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States." The last revised edition of the whole work appeared in 1885. In February, 1866, Mr. Bancroft delivered an oration before Congress in memory of Abraham Lincoln. In May, 1867, he was appointed Minister to Prussia; in 1868 he was accredited to the North German Confederation, and in 1871 to the German Empire. He was recalled at his own request in 1874. During his residence in Germany he concluded several important treaties with various German States, relating especially to the naturalization of Germans in America. At the time of his residence in New York, Mr. Bancroft had become the correspondent of the Royal Academy of Berlin, and also of the French. He made several visits to Paris to study the archives and libraries of that great city,—a work in which he received the assistance of Guizot, Lamartine, and De Tocqueville. In August, 1868, he received from the University of Bonn the honorary degree of doctor of laws; and in September, 1870, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of receiving his first degree at Göttingen. He was congratulated by many German societies and faculties, as well as by prominent men of many nations. His history, which has been translated into many languages, is especially popular in Germany.

Besides the labors mentioned above, Mr. Bancroft delivered at Springfield in 1836 an oration which was printed and ran through several editions. In October, 1855, he made an address on the site of the battle of King's Mountain, South Carolina, and another on Sept. 10, 1860, at the unveiling of the statue of Commodore Perry at Cleveland. In 1850, before the New York Historical Society, of which he was a member, he delivered a eulogium of Prescott, the historian. Mr. Bancroft had been the president of the American Geographical Society, and was a member of the Ethnological Society. In recent years the veteran historian and statesman has resided in Washington, frequently passing his summers at Newport, where a short time ago he celebrated in appropriate style his ninetieth birthday.

Mr. Bancroft was Newport's most distinguished summer resident, and a welcome visitor at all the important social gatherings of the season. In Newport, as elsewhere, he attended conscientiously to his literary work, and his stenographer met him every morning at nine o'clock. Before beginning work, it was his custom to carefully examine his famous roses, of which he had over three hundred varieties. It was his delight to send these fragrant flowers to friends, and to present bouquets to strangers who lingered near the cottage, admiring the wealth of flowers.

In Washington Mr. Bancroft's was one of the notable houses of the city. All strangers of distinction found their way there, and were sure to meet there at dinner or in

the evening the most notable of our own statesmen. The Senate ordered him admission to the floor of the Senate chamber,—a special honor granted to no other private citizen. Senators and representatives often sought his advice in difficult constitutional questions. The last literary work of Mr. Bancroft was a pamphlet on the legal tender decision of the Supreme Court. It was published in January, 1888, and was as bright and vigorous as anything from his earlier pen. It was entitled "A Plea for the Constitution, Wounded in the House of its Guardians."

One of the best articles upon Mr. Bancroft and his work that has appeared since his death is that printed in the *Nation*. We select the following paragraphs dealing with his qualities as an historian:—

Mr. Bancroft, as an historian, combined some of the greatest merits and some of the profoundest defects ever united in a single author. His merits are obvious enough. He has great enthusiasm for his subject. He is profoundly imbued with that democratic spirit without which the history of the United States cannot be justly written. He has the graphic quality so wanting in Hildreth and the saliency whose absence makes Prescott too smooth. He has a style essentially picturesque, whatever may be its faults. The reader is compelled to admit that his resources in the way of preparation are inexhaustible, and that his command of them is astounding. One must follow him minutely, for instance, through the history of the war for independence, to appreciate in full the consummate grasp of a mind which can deploy military events in a narrative as a general deploys brigades in a field. Add to this the capacity for occasional maxims to the highest degree profound and lucid, in the way of political philosophy, and you certainly combine in one man some of the greatest qualities of the historian.

Against this are to be set very grave faults. There is, in the first place, that error so common with the graphic school of historians,—the exaggerated estimate of manuscript or fragmentary material, at the expense of what is printed and permanent. A fault far more serious than this is one which Mr. Bancroft shared with his historical contemporaries, but in which he far exceeded any of them,—an utter ignoring of the very meaning and significance of a quotation-mark. When he quotes a contemporary document or letter, it is absolutely impossible to tell, without careful verifying, whether what he gives us between the quotation marks is precisely what should be there, or whether it is a compilation, rearrangement, selection, or even a series of mere paraphrases of his own. A drawback quite as serious is to be found in this,—that Mr. Bancroft's extraordinary labors in old age were not usually devoted to revising the grounds of his own earlier judgments, but to perfecting his own style of expression and to weaving in additional facts at those points which especially interested him. Laboriously revising his whole history in 1876, and almost rewriting it for the edition of 1884, he allowed the labors of younger investigators to go on around him unobserved. The consequence is that much light has been let in upon American history in directions where he has not so much as a window; and there are points where his knowledge, vast as it is, will be found to have been already superseded.

THE MONTH'S POEM-SHEAF.

EASTER MORNING.

A gentle tumult in the earth,
A murmur in the trees,
An odor faint, but passing sweet,
Upon the morning breeze,—
The heralds these, whom thou dost send,
Dear spring, that we may know
How soon the land, from side to side,
Shall with thy beauty glow.

And 'tis by tokens faint as these,
O Truth that makest free,
That thou dost give assurance strong
Of better things to be;
Of higher faith and holier trust;
Of love more deep and wide;
Of hope, whose anchor shall not break,
Whatever storms betide!

—*John W. Chadwick.*

A HOPE.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst;
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

—*Robert Browning.*

A NEW EASTER.

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all shall say *my brother* here,
And hear *my son* in heaven!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say,
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you,—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.

Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead: he is just away!

BECAUSE I LIVE, YE SHALL LIVE ALSO.

Say not of thy friend departed,
"He is dead" He is but grown
Larger-souled and deeper-hearted,
Blossoming into skies unknown.
All the air of earth is sweeter
For his being's full release;
And thine own life is completer
For his conquest and his peace.

Roll the stone from sorrow's prison,
White-robed angel, holy Faith,
Till with Christ we have arisen,
And believe the word he saith.
Heaven is life to life brought nearer,
Love withdraws more love to give,
"Hearts to hearts in me are dearer,
Lo! I live, and ye shall live!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

IMPERFECTIONS.

I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the metre!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found,
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth shall we find the best,
But it waits for us in the land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
Till we pass the portal of shining gold.

—*James Clarence Harvey.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

February 8 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Prof. Swing's ministry in Chicago. The great preacher commemorated the day by a sermon on "The Pastorate," from the passage in 2 Timothy, "Preach the word." It has been given to but few men in the nation to do a quarter-century of so influential and beneficent work as has been done by the pastor of the "Central Church."

We well remember Prof. Swing as the minister of the old Westminster Presbyterian Church on the North Side, when he first came to Chicago. The writer of this, then a college student, went to hear him one Sunday out of curiosity, and was so charmed with the poetical beauty of his thought, but especially with his breadth and "sweet reasonableness," that thereafter no other Chicago preacher could win him away from the Westminster church. We were then "orthodox," and had little suspicion of the latent unsoundness of Prof. Swing's teaching; but we now see that in the very breadth and sweet reasonableness that were so attractive to us lurked incipient heresy. Only a few years were allowed to pass before the heresy-hunters were on his track. He was arraigned by his brethren, tried, and formally acquitted. But the trial made it so plain to his own mind that his thoughts were not their thoughts nor his ways their ways that at once he virtually, if not formally, withdrew from the Presbyterian body. Then a large number of thoughtful and earnest people, of his own and other religious connections, and many from outside all, joined themselves together and formed an independent society for him in the heart of the city, which took the name of the "Central Church," and adopted, as its basis, simple discipleship to Christ. To this society he has ministered ever since, preaching first in McVickar's Theatre and later in Central Music Hall, to the largest congregation in Chicago and one of the largest in the world.

Besides the great hearing given to his sermons on Sunday, they have been carried in printed form all over the West, and almost the world. For many years all the large morning papers of the city printed them each week in full. Now the *Inter-Ocean* prints them entire, and the other papers print abstracts and occasional discourses. In addition to his preaching, he has lectured much, printed several books, and written a good deal for the periodical press.

As to his theological views, Prof. Swing has been from the first quietly progressive. With a mind ever open to truth, he could not fail to grow. Now he is distinctly Unitarian,—abreast in his thinking with our broadest and most forward-looking men. The quality and finish of his sermons have always been extraordinary. His sense of the beautiful and the poetic is keen and

always alive. Indeed, his mind is half Greek. Combine the lofty and exquisite idealism of Plato with the tender naturalness and simplicity of Jesus, and we have the thought of Prof. Swing. During these twenty-five years he has exerted an influence that has been as powerful as it has been wholesome upon the religious thinking of the West. It has not been the influence of the thunder or lightning or storm, but of the warm sunshine, quietly quickening everything it touched into healthier and more beautiful life.

We print elsewhere an extended account of the MacQueary heresy trial. The pitiful side of the affair appears in the fact that it was made explicitly and avowedly not a trial of the accused for offence against the truth, but for offence against the standards of the Episcopal church. The prosecution did not even ask, "Are the defendant's views true?" but only, "Are they in harmony with the ancient creeds?" as if truth were nothing, and mere dead words and forms were everything!

The death of Charles Bradlaugh calls to mind the debt that the world owes him.

Perhaps nothing in the life of our honored Dr. Channing is more noble than his conduct in the famous Abner Kneeland case. In the year 1838, in the teeth of general public sentiment, Channing headed a petition to the Governor of the State of Massachusetts, asking pardon for Kneeland, when the latter had been sentenced to prison for giving public expression to atheistical sentiments, and taking the ground boldly that no man ought to be punished for opinion's sake, but that the political and civil rights even of the atheist must be guaranteed and protected by the government with the same fidelity as the rights of the theist and the Christian. Naturally, this advanced position maintained by Channing made him many enemies. But the better judgment and conscience of Massachusetts and the world came at last to see that he was right; and his brave action in this important case is now one of the foundation-stones on which rests his enduring fame as a leader in the sacred cause of the world's political and spiritual emancipation.

A much harder battle has been raging in England for more than half a generation, involving essentially the same principle as that which Channing fought for in connection with Abner Kneeland. It is to be hoped that the battle there is at last won. At least, it is clear that certain very important ground has been gained. To whom is the victory, or so much of victory as has been achieved, due? There can hardly be more than one answer. It is certainly due primarily to Charles Bradlaugh. He has had many noble helpers. But his has been the stout heart that has dared, as no other has dared, to brave ecclesiastical bigotry and tyranny in high places and low, in church and State, in the heat of popular elections and in Parliament, and demand, with a voice that rang over England, and would never be hushed even by threats of violence and imprisonment, the *absolute equality of Englishmen before the law, irrespective of their religious opinions.*

We need hardly say that Charles Bradlaugh's atheism* we deeply regret; his fierce and often indiscriminating iconoclasm we regret; that he was in many respects a very illiberal liberal we are well aware. But that he saw certain important truths clearly, and battled for them in a very heroic and manly and often a very self-forgetting, spirit, we are glad to remember and confess. In his death the cause of political and religious liberty in England loses a valuable ally, no small part of whose public work may well be remembered with gratitude and honor.

We are glad to be able to print in this number of the *Unitarian* some reminiscences of Bradlaugh from the pen of one who knew him well and stood by his side in some of his best battles.

The call of Rev. M. J. Savage to the important pulpit in Chicago (that of the Church of the Messiah) left vacant by the resignation of Rev. David Utter, and his declination of the call on the ground that duty seems to him to demand his stay in Boston, are events of general denominational interest. That his leaving the East would have

*A writer in the Brooklyn *Times* of January 30 denies that he was an atheist, and says he was "a Deist of the Paine type, whose fierce assaults on Christian theology won for him, as for Paine, the odium of atheism." We should be glad to know the ground on which this statement is made.

been a much-felt loss in that quarter of course all knew, and for the East's sake we are glad he stays. But for the West's sake, and for the sake of our *whole* work East and West, we are not sure that we can say so. There is no place in the land where we need stronger men than in Chicago; and especially we need men there with sufficient intellectual poise not to be carried off their feet by the foolish notion that a Unitarianism meaning God and worship is ever going to be built up on any other basis than one that dares to say worship and God. Many of us believe that Mr. Savage has that strength and that intellectual poise. Therefore, we hoped he would decide to go to Chicago, much as we appreciate the work he is doing in Boston.

The future action of the Church of the Messiah will be watched with the deepest interest. A weak man, or a man with other than large, clear views as to what Unitarianism in the West and everywhere else must be, in order to attain to any extended or permanent influence in the world, would be nothing less than a calamity to the cause of Liberal Christianity in the whole land. On the other hand, a wise and strong choice made here will strengthen our work everywhere.

WOMAN'S WORD AND WORK.

THE NEW YORK WOMEN'S LEAGUE.

The February meeting of the Women's League took place on the 6th inst. at the Church of the Saviour (Rev. H. Price Collier), Brooklyn. The report of the Religious News Committee comprised an account of the inception of the movement to start a Unitarian church in Plainfield, N. J., the growth of the movement, and its success. The society was most fortunate in securing the services of Rev. W. P. Tilden, and, later, of Rev. Hobart Clark. A pleasant house where religious services are held is now the headquarters of the society; but plans for a church edifice are under consideration, and the ground for it has been given. Three ladies representing the New York League visited Plainfield this week, and were most cordially entertained. At the meeting then held, the work of the National Alliance was discussed, plans for the formation of an associate branch in Plainfield talked of, and a paper on "Religious Study Classes" read. An associate branch of the Alliance has just been formed in the Harlem church.

On behalf of the Religious News Committee, Mrs. Pettingill described the work of rescue and of help done, in the past ten years, by the Wayside Home of Brooklyn. It has given shelter and work to hundreds of women discharged from the prisons of the county. Efforts are being made to have a law passed which shall provide for the admission to the Home of younger women and girls, who, with sentence suspended, can thus come under the influence of Christian matrons, and be encouraged to lead a good life, and not be thrust upon the community, branded as criminals. The need of such provision for Protestant girls is strongly felt by the judges of the criminal courts in our city.

The topic for the day was "Boys": 1. Special characteristics of boys; 2. How shall we teach them justice, courage, and true chivalry? 3. Is hero-worship the boy's best help in learning patriotism? 4. How shall we fortify them against the temptations of college and business life? 5. How cultivate the highest standard of manliness? Mrs. Humphrey Swift read the leading paper, which was in part as follows: Being a boy implies, to my mind, frankness, generosity, eagerness in play and sports, a healthy dislike for school, and a boundless appetite. What a healthy boy does not find out within a large radius of his own district is simply what he considers not worth knowing. There are boys whose environment, coupled with weakness of character, has done its work in spoiling them,—oftener, perhaps, the son of the rich man than of the poor. The poor man expects something from his son, which early in life imbues him with a sense of responsibility. The rich man, unless he is very judicious, expects little; but the son learns early to expect everything of his parent.

The boy has his code of honor, which often needs revising, it is true; and we do not enough consider what an educator the boy is among his own companions. His home should be the kindergarten in which his moral faculties are developed to the highest standard, his manliness fostered and developed by the simplest methods. Some mothers do not follow closely enough the development of their boys, do not visit their schools nor become acquainted with their associates. When your son finds you sympathetic, he will make you the repository of all his social experience: without his dreaming of your purpose, you will distinguish the good from the bad, and by frank discussion you will influence the boy's mind in the direction you desire. Parents should never relegate the religious teaching of their sons to the Sunday-school teacher. Mothers should be the ones, first and always, to give their children moral and religious instruction.

Patriotism should be fostered and developed at an early age, but in quiet and untroubled times this is too seldom done. Not

the patriotism that cries, Hurrah! and swings its cap, but the serious, practical kind. Draw your boy's attention to the whiskey saloons, to the overcrowded tenement-houses, the dirty streets, the buildings that grow up like mushrooms without regard to safety. Arouse his young mind to a pride he *might* feel in his city if the laws were well administered, and teach him that what he does for the town he lives in he does for his country. We should teach our boys how to read the newspapers, as well as the classics and the Bible, and discuss politics with them as well as the cut of their last suit of clothes.

Grow up with your son. Be his sympathizing friend, his playmate, everything you can be. Make yourself and his home an impregnable stronghold which will fortify his soul against attacks that must be met alone. The pedagogic world is beginning to see that study alone is not what boys need. Athletic exercises are an imperative necessity. Nothing clears the brain of thoughts that come from idleness, or relieves the weariness that a sedentary life entails, like an hour in the gymnasium or a spin into the country on a bicycle.

Mrs. Van Winkle read the next paper. She thought that a great factor in guiding and developing our sons is found in the peculiar love they bear toward their mothers, being quite different in kind from that they feel for their fathers. She would have boys taught, first of all, to be honest and humane, and, especially, trained to be just, courageous, and courteous. Should a boy *always* give up his toys to his younger brother? Justice requires that he should not. Should a timid child be refused a light when going to sleep? She thought courage could be developed more safely by not forcing such a matter. Disobedience must be punished, but never by denying what had been promised. When shall a boy fight? Never, she formerly thought; but she had changed her opinion. The Constitution and government of the United States should be thoroughly understood; and boys should feel that they owe themselves to their country if needed in the near future, either as office-holders or as soldiers.

One of the ladies present spoke some strong words in behalf of foot-ball. The boy's soul is in it, and his mother's must be in it, too. She brought up her sons to have the same code of morals for themselves and for girls. Sympathy must go along with love. Pets must be tolerated. She had admitted a turtle to her home and affections. It was not troublesome, and it died early. To make a boy truthful, we must believe absolutely what he says.

Mrs. Shepard thought that the question of how to fortify our sons against the temptations of college or business life is not to be left till the time of their entering such a life, and then settled by a set of rules as to honesty, morality, etc., but these ideas should have been instilled from the cradle. Early training lasts for a lifetime; and, unless there are elements in its character to counteract evil influences, there will be a liability to grow worse instead of better. More can be done by example than by arbitrary rules. Plant early in the mind of a child a love for the best kinds of literature. Boys should be taught to be independent in action, to discriminate between good and bad companions, and to think of their bodies as something sacred intrusted to their care. She felt strongly that home is the best place for boys just as long as it is possible to keep them there. At an early age boys should have an allowance both for clothing and for spending-money, understanding that spending foolishly one month entails denying themselves some necessity the next. We should make a beautiful home life for our boys. We should give them much love, much tenderness, and much consideration; keep them much at home evenings, letting them find in their home life the centre of true education, and try so to fill their lives and minds with good things that there will be little room for evil ones.

Mrs. Morse closed the meeting by several delightful anecdotes. She protested against the decorative boy, the Lord Fauntleroy boy, who could not have a rough-and-tumble play in winter, nor be sent to the barber's to be made comfortable in summer.

A lady in the audience asked if she thought it right to return blows; and Mrs. Morse replied that she believed in self-protection, telling the story of the boy who had been explaining to his mother what he had learned that day in school,—the law of Moses,—"An eye for an eye," etc., and that of the other teacher, Jesus. "Well, Willie, which do you like best?" asked his mother, "Why, mother, if the fellow didn't mean to hit me, or was sorry for it, I'd forgive him. But, if he *meant* it, then I'll go in for Moses every time."

M. H. E.

GUILD ESSAYS.

OPPORTUNITIES.

Read before the Guild of the Great Teacher, First Unitarian Church, Quincy, Mass.

I have noticed, and no doubt many of you have noticed the same thing, that, while every one has so many opportunities that he cannot take advantage of half of them, there are always some people who are complaining because they have never had a chance in the world. They point to their companions who are making some stir, and say, often bitterly, "If I only had the opportunities they have, I, too, should be somebody." In the majority of cases, they have only themselves to blame. A good story is told of one of this kind of people. He was a farmer of ordinary ability, but was ambitious to be famous. He was always to be

found loafing in the grocery store. One day he was discussing the success of one of his companions who had become a bank cashier in a neighboring city; and, in the course of conversation, he said: "Well, Jim always was lucky. Here I've been waiting for a chance to be somebody for the last thirty years, and it hasn't come yet!" "Ah!" replied the grocer: "you have waited too long."

Whether this story be true or not I cannot say, but we can at least draw a useful lesson from it. The farmer had waited too long. It is the same with many more of these complaining people. They wait for an opportunity to come to them, and to many it never comes. The Master's teaching was not, "Wait, and it shall come to you," but, "Seek, and ye shall find."

But there is another reason why these people miss the opportunities which do come to them. We hear a great deal about "golden opportunities," and it is these golden opportunities alone which many seek after. The so-called little opportunities which we meet every day of our lives have no attractions for them. A chance to speak a kind word or do a kind deed is not considered by them to be much of an opportunity, and they pass it by. And yet the very opportunity which Saint Christopher had been seeking for all his life came to him when he did a simple act of kindness to a little child. If we would have the golden opportunities, we must not pass by the minor ones.

Why is one more desirable than the other? Ask some people this question, and they will tell you that there is more pleasure and profit to be gained from one than from the other. Let us see. In waiting for this much desired golden opportunity, they pass by perhaps a hundred little chances to do good. They forget that for one hundred copper cents they can obtain as much as they can for one gold dollar. They count the profit without taking account of the loss. My own experience has shown me that, if I pass by an opportunity which I might have taken, I lose some pleasure and satisfaction which I might have had.

But, aside from the pleasure and profit which may be directly derived from these little opportunities, we should get into the habit of accepting them, because we cannot tell what they may lead to. Only a short time ago I had an experience of this sort. An opportunity was offered me which I came near refusing; but I finally accepted it, and that little opportunity has now led directly to another one, which may be considered golden.

Any one who has been on any of our Eastern beaches after a big storm, and has seen the wreckage which lines the shore for miles and miles,—all the barrels and boxes and spars scattered about beyond the reach of the waves,—often wonders how it all came there. They see logs still tossing about in the water, now rushing forward on the crest of a wave, and now being drawn back by the undertow, close to the beach, and yet rarely reaching it. But, if they would visit the beach while the storm is still raging, and watch the surfmen who are employed by the government to patrol the beaches, they would see how it is that so much is saved that would otherwise be lost. These men patrol the beaches, each having his station; and any objects which they find floating in the water they pull up out of the reach of the waves. Sometimes it is only an empty barrel, sometimes a rotten log; but, then again, it is a chest filled with valuables, or even a human being lashed to some broken spar. But *all* are pulled ashore.

Can we not draw a lesson from this? Each of us has his or her station in life. The opportunities which come toward us are the bits of wreckage. They are close at hand: all we have to do is to reach out and take them. Some will be more valuable to us than will others, but all will have some value. Even the empty barrels which the surfman finds will serve as firewood to keep him warm. In the water an empty barrel looks much the same as a full one, and so the surfman learns not to neglect any. If we, too, can only form the habit of taking advantage of as many opportunities as come to us, then we shall not miss the golden opportunity when it comes.

Often two opportunities will present themselves at the same time; and, if we cannot take them both, we have to decide between them. We choose the one which we think is the better. But are we not often mistaken? Do we always choose the better? Very often we choose the one which gives us the most immediate pleasure and the least immediate trouble. But, if we give trouble to others by so doing, do we really gain so much pleasure after all?

Every opportunity brings with it its opposite. With an opportunity to do wrong comes also the opportunity to resist temptation, and to do right. Here, surely, we can have no doubt which is the better one to choose. Right is always better than wrong; and many a person has found, in a temptation which he has resisted, his golden opportunity,—an opportunity which would have been his ruin, had he accepted it.

These are the points which I would emphasize. We must meet our opportunities half way. We must accept as many as we can, taking care not to neglect the little ones; and, when making a choice, we must choose that which will do the greatest good to the greatest number. Happy, no doubt, is he whose golden opportunity comes to him in the shape of a chance to win fame and wealth; but happier and far more contented is he who, like Saint Christopher, spends his life in seeking after a golden opportunity, and finds it in humble service to a little child.

JOHN O. HALL, JR.

UPLIFTING THOUGHTS.

Read at a Meeting of the Young People's Guild, Medfield, Mass.

This subject opens a large field. First, let me take our every-day life, in which most of us are toiling from early morn till late at night to earn a subsistence. We sometimes say within ourselves, Is life worth living? How can we be uplifted, and our burdens, like those in "Pilgrim's Progress," be left behind? How can our minds be drawn upward? Is it by carrying with us an inward sense of something beyond, something of infinitely more importance than the petty cares and vexations of this workaday world? by bringing our minds to harmonize more fully, more completely, with that Higher Mind, that great First Cause, that Divine Essence of all that is great and good? As we labor on from day to day, whatever we do, we should do all to the glory of God.

Then, again, our thoughts can be uplifted by the study of Nature; by looking through Nature out over the broad universe, seeing there a law governing all things, and everything working in harmony with that law; or by contemplating the grandeur, the beauty, and the glory of the heavens, and the earth spread out beneath. How, too, are we uplifted while listening to strains of music, when songs are sung with feeling and expression, and our hearts are attuned and fitted to enjoy!

Even when death comes, as come it will, and when it takes our loved ones and bears them hence, it does not seem a fitting time to weep, but to rejoice with the angels that there is another birth into the spiritual realm, another soul uplifted beyond our mortal vision.

> "Oh, blessed hope immortal,—
> That, when our earth life's o'er,
> With kindred, all our loved ones,
> We'll meet on that bright shore!"

Then we can be uplifted while doing for others, helping the unfortunate, relieving the distressed, giving of our might to assist in some deed of charity; for, in helping others, we are helping ourselves, and in a way uplifting the better part of our natures.

When we study the life of the Master, so pure, so perfect, so divine, until we can almost touch the hem of his garment, and feel the gentle influences of his spirit coming into our souls, and when we come like little children and sit at his feet, willing to be taught the way, the truth, and the life, angels will ascend and descend, and like the prophets of old we shall be led to see the salvation of our souls and be satisfied,—satisfied that the stone is rolled away, and the soul can mount upward and onward, giving God the glory. There is also many a teacher and inspirer of truth in our own time to whom we may listen and who will lift our thoughts on high.

Last of all, let me say that it is elevating and uplifting to be present at these meetings of our Guild, and catch the beautiful sentiments as they come from many sources, all tending to lift up the heart and make it glad to have been here. As we come here from week to week, contemplating these great subjects, it is one great step toward the advancement of Christ's kingdom. Let us press onward and upward, each day is bearing us all nearer home. May it bring us all

> "Nearer, my God, to thee,
> Nearer to thee."

SUSAN M. MORSE.

UNIVERSALIST NOTES.

ANOTHER MISSION.

Brother Nash, with his indomitable zeal and energy, which carry all before them, seems bound to succeed in the new movement at Cleveland, Ohio. Already a large nucleus of strong and responsible families has been formed, and the field seems thoroughly hopeful. It would greatly strengthen us to have a live working church in this thriving city, and the prospect seems more than good that we shall have it. Thus the policy of "one at a time" is carrying our church extension forward more rapidly than ever before.

THE WEATHER.

It is not often that the weather is a factor of sufficient importance in church work to call for or to justify a paragraph by itself. But, ever since the new year came in, the Eastern States have suffered under "a spell" so stormy, wet, and snowy that congregations have been exceptionally small, pastors unusually forlorn, and church interests not a little impaired. We have heard of some churches where services were suspended for a morning or an evening. Rather a bad plan, it would seem, to make that concession to the inertness or weakness of the people. Better hold a service, if no more than five or six are present.

CLUBS.

Some recent experiences of the writer in visiting some of the denominational clubs in the Eastern cities have emphasized the conviction that they are among the most useful of church instrumentalities. The Boston, Rhode Island, and New York Universalist Clubs are all large, earnest, and flourishing bodies. They are made up of the very flower of the laity in these cities, and in their monthly meetings not only are quickened and instructed intellectually, but are much strengthened in attachment to the church. "The sacred tie that binds" is always a little tighter and stronger through social fellowship. It is a most salutary

thing for men to know who are their yoke-fellows in these good causes, and to see these comrades in the faith somewhere outside of the pews of a church. These clubs make admirable meeting-places for the clergy and laity to exchange greetings and ideas. It is a good thing, wherever there is a group of churches within visiting distance of one another, to get the neighborhood laity together for a purely social meeting, with some wholesome, interesting paper or address for a rallying-point, just as often as possible. A note in the *Unitarian* says that the Chicago brethren are turning to this work. It is a good move. Chicago can have and ought to have just such a club.

LENTEN SERVICES.

The season before Easter is, as usual, engaging more and more of our pastors in special religious work. The papers, the mails, and the pews are full just now of programmes and announcements of special meetings. The Universalist pastor, in these days, who fails to use these winter weeks for his most earnest efforts to reach and quicken the souls in his charge is very much behind his age. The sentiment grows among us, favoring the use of the Lenten season for more direct and personal religious work.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Is it not true temperance work to make clean and cheap homes possible?

I have been passing a few days in Brooklyn, N.Y., and have had the long-coveted opportunity of visiting the tenement-houses built by the Improved Dwellings Company, sometimes called "model tenement-houses." They impress me as certainly a step in the direction of making real *homes* for the poor possible even in the midst of the crowded city. Every apartment (and in one building there are two hundred and sixty-one such) has its own front door, and every room a window on the street or large open court. The stairways are fireproof, the buildings of brick, bath-rooms are provided for use at certain hours, and the air in and about the buildings is wonderfully sweet. Each apartment has two or three or more rooms, and prices range from $1.50 to $4 per week.

The open space in the centre of the Riverside Buildings, recently completed, is about 255 feet in length by 115 feet in breadth. It will be laid out in the spring with grass, trees, fountain, and walks. At the south end a space of 50 by 80 feet is reserved for a children's playground, and will be provided with swings, sand-heaps, etc. In the centre of the Park is a large Shelter and Music Pavilion, where every Saturday from May to November, from 4 to 6 P.M., a band furnishes music at the expense of the company.

James Parton wrote a book some time ago —twenty years or more—called "Smoking and Drinking," in which are some excellent things, as applicable to-day as then:—

"It is surprising what a new interest," he says in the preface, "is given to life by denying ourselves one vicious indulgence. Who has ever seen any happy people that were not voluntarily carrying a heavy burden?"

"I think that the next new sensation enjoyed by the self-indulgent, self-destroying inhabitants of the wealthy nations will be the practice of virtue. I mean, of course, the real thing, now nearly forgotten, the beginning of which is self-control, and which leads people to be temperate and pure, and enables them to go contrary to fashion."

"The teetotallers have underrated the difficulty of the task they have undertaken, and misconceived its nature. It is not the great toe that most requires treatment when a man has the gout, although it is the great toe that makes him roar."

"The thing for us to do is to strike at the causes of drinking, to cease the bad breathing, the bad eating, the bad reading, the bad feeling and bad thinking, which in a sense necessitate bad drinking. For some of the teetotal organizations might be substituted Physical Welfare Societies."

The following story shows the kind of work the Massachusetts Prison Association does: "Some months ago a plainly dressed man, about thirty-five years old, came to the office of the Association. He had lived in one of the large manufacturing cities of Massachusetts for several years. Being an excellent mechanic, he had earned large wages, most of which he had spent for drink. He had managed to keep his situation, being a good workman, his dissipation rarely interfering with his work, though he drank heavily at night and on Sundays. One day, resenting a fancied insult, he struck another man, and was sent to prison for an assault. When discharged, he was sent to Boston, and reached the city penniless. The Association cared for him. He wanted work, and walked many miles to get it, but failed. There were mills farther away, where work in his line was done; and money was supplied for his fare, so that he might go to them. He returned in each case unsuccessful. At length he found a place, in another kind of work, at wages barely sufficient to pay his board; and he has been there for weeks, abstaining from drink and working industriously. He was discharged without an overcoat, and was unable to buy one. Late in December he sent to the Association two dollars, his first savings from his wages, preferring to repay a small part of the money spent for him

rather than to buy needed clothing,—a very strong added proof of his determination to reform. It must be plain to any one that, but for the aid furnished by the Association, this man could not have found his way back to the position of a self-supporting citizen. Homeless, friendless, and penniless in Boston, he would have yielded easily to the temptation to drink, with all that would have followed, would soon have been arrested again, and in a little while would have been in the ranks of the confirmed criminals."

The motto of the Temperance and Patriotism Service prepared for Sunday-schools by the Unitarian Church Temperance Society, and used by many schools in connection with Washington's Birthday, is:—

"What can I do the cause of God to aid?
Can powers so weak as mine
Forward the great design?
Not by young hands are mighty efforts made,
But all can aid the work. The little child
May gather up some weed,
Or drop some fertile seed,
Or strew with flowers the path which else
were dark and wild."

This service has had a large sale. About nine thousand copies have been taken by our Sunday-schools, all the way from Maine to California.

A new tract will be issued this month by the Unitarian Temperance Society, called "The Man Who Never Cried," by Mary Livingstone Spalding. It is reprinted, by permission, from *Every Other Sunday*, and will be sent free on application to the secretary, 25 Beacon Street.

The Society hopes to publish soon a tract on "The Use of Tobacco,"—a tract for boys especially.

Of tobacco, President John Bascom, D.D., LL.D., says: "Rarely, indeed, would any man, himself addicted to a temperate use of tobacco, recommend the habit as a wise and safe one to a young man in whom he was interested. A man of good judgment, having reached mature years without the habit, very rarely takes it up. It is fastened on boys and young men in that period of crudeness and greenness in which they are mistaking the vices of their elders for their virtues, their errors for their excellences. A boy once gotten beyond this unripe age, so succulent of moral malaria, without the habit, finds nothing in it to appeal to his growing judgment and experience."

C. R. Eliot.

He is young enough who has health, and he is rich enough who has no debts.

It is the struggle, and not the attainment, that measures character.

LITERARY NOTES.

We begin this month a regular "Guild Department" in the *Unitarian*. It will be under the charge of Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley of Concord, Mass., president of the National Guild Alliance.

In connection with the centenary of John Wesley, we are glad to be able to promise our readers in the April *Unitarian* an extended paper upon "Wesley and the Evangelical Revival of the Eighteenth Century," by Rev. Walter F. Greenman of Winona, Minn.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society has issued as a tract Rev. W. H. Lyon's excellent paper, "The Class a Parish and the Teacher a Minister," and will send the same *gratis* where it is desired.

Unitarian literature will be supplied gratuitously on application to Post-office Mission, New South Church, Tremont and Camden Streets, Boston, Mass.

It is now settled that women are to be admitted to the Medical School of Johns Hopkins University, which means that women will hereafter be able to find in this country the opportunity for advanced medical training which heretofore they have been compelled to seek in Vienna, Paris, and Switzerland.

Very valuable is the work Dr. Andrew D. White is doing in his "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," which are appearing, a little irregularly, in the *Popular Science Monthly*. After examining each of the preceding Genesis myths,—the Paradise, the Fall, the Deluge, etc.,—he reaches, in the January and February numbers of the *Monthly*, the story of Babel, which he submits to a most searching examination.

The *Pulpit* is the name of a weekly periodical published in Buffalo, N.Y., which gives its readers several sermons, usually four each week, from leading preachers in this country and England, and of all denominations.

The *Pedagogic Seminary* is the name of a very unique and interesting educational journal, the first number of which has appeared. It is to be published three times a year, under the editorship of President Stanley Hall of Clark University. It aims specifically to act as an international record of educational literature, institutions, and progress. Such a periodical finds its appropriate home at Clark University, where the science of pedagogics receives such large attention, and in the hands of so eminent a scholar and teacher in that department as Dr. Hall.

Charles E. Merrill & Co. have ready the first two volumes of the authorized American edition of Ruskin's works, which

comes from the press of George Allen, Mr. Ruskin's publisher. These volumes are "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Two Paths." To each work Prof. Charles Eliot Norton contributes an introduction.

Mr. Chadwick says that Moncure D. Conway is to give us a "Life of Thomas Paine,"—"a big book, with great help from the French government archives."

One of the most interesting literary announcements lately made is that Prof. Francis W. Newman is soon to give the public a volume on the earlier life of his brother, Cardinal Newman. The book is now going through the press of Kegan Paul & Co., London. [Later word is that the book is already out.]

At last Edwin Arnold's long-promised "The Light of the World" is ready for the public. It is issued in this country by Funk & Wagnalls.

A translation of Ernest Renan's "Future of Science" is just published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. Price, $2.50.

President Cone of Buchtel College has written a book entitled "Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity," which will soon appear from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Rev. Dr. Peabody, whom everybody knows, admires, and loves, will be eighty years old on the 19th of March. His birthday will be marked by the publication, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of what he regards as his final book, entitled "King's Chapel Sermons," comprising about thirty discourses, which he has given in this famous Boston church within the past few years.

Miss Alice M. Bacon, who has spent many years in Japan, and has had exceptional opportunities for studying its home life, will shortly publish a book on "Japanese Girls and Women."

D. Appleton & Co.'s new edition of Rev. Howard MacQueary's "Evolution of Man and Christianity" contains a preface explaining and defending the position taken in the work itself, for which he has been on trial in Cleveland.

The fourth volume in the series of "American Religious Leaders," soon to be published, is devoted to President Wayland of Brown University, and is written by a former pupil of his, Prof. James O. Murray of Princeton.

"Christian Types of Heroism." By John Coleman Adams, D.D. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. Price $1.—This book is a study of the heroic spirit as it has revealed itself in certain marked types of character and certain great social, political, and religious movements, within the history of Christianity. The book consists of eight chapters, besides an introduction. These chapters deal with the Martyrs, the Apologists, the Hermits and Monks, the Prelates and Knights, the Reformers, the Missionaries, the Philanthropists, and the Statesmen of Christian history. The effort is made to show that in all these the heroic spirit has found as complete and noble an embodiment as it has ever found in the history of mankind, and that Christianity, with its spirit of love and forgiveness, instead of tending to make men weak, builds them up into a nobler type of strength than was ever known in the world before,—a strength whose roots are moral and spiritual. The style of the book is graphic and finished. Its thought is inspiring. One cannot read a chapter without being stirred and thrilled. One would have hard work to find a book presenting a series of more living pictures of what is noblest in the achievements of the Christian centuries than is given us in this interesting volume.

THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

We name below some of the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of the month:—

Unitarian Review (February).

Papal Tradition: II. Paul. By Ernest de Bunsen.

The Fatherhood of God as seen by Modern Faith. By H. S. Tolman.

Sects in Russia. By Cornelia W. Cyr.

Frederick Denison Maurice: His Influence on Liberal Theology. By Clement Pike.

Emerson's Optimism. By J. Frederic Dutton.

Our Mission-field in Japan. By Nobuta Kishimoto.

Andover Review (February).

Papal Infallibility in the Light of History. By H. C. Sheldon.

The Ideal College Education. By Jacob G. Schurman.

Alexander Smith. By Stephen Henry Thayer.

The Arena (February).

What are Phantasms, and Why do They Appear? By Alfred Russel Wallace.

New Discoveries on the Planet Mars. By Camille Flammarion.

The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway. By C. Wood Davis.

The Fall of Adam. By John Welch.

The Forum (February).

The Next Step in Education. By C. K. Adams.

Was the Emin Expedition Piratical? By E. L. Godkin.

The Physical Basis of Mind. By Henry Maudsley.

The Farmer's Changed Condition. By Rodney Welch.

Political Progress in Japan. By W. E. Griffis.
The Government and the Indians. By Hiram Price.

North American Review (February).

The Talleyrand Memoirs. By Charles W. Dilke.
Why More Girls do not Marry. By Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.
Has Christianity Failed? By Ouida and Father Ignatius.
The Deposition of Mr. Parnell. By Justin McCarthy.

The Sanitarian (January).

Sanitation in 1890. By H. B. Baker.
The Relation of the Mechanical Arts to Preventive Medicine. By A. N. Bell.

Old and New Testament Student (February).

Saint Paul as a Business Man. By A. C. Zenos.
The Biblical and Philosophical Conception of God. II. By George T. Ladd.

Atlantic Monthly (February).

Some Unpublished Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb. By William Carew Hazlitt.
Two Philosophers of the Paradoxical: II. Schopenhauer. By Josiah Royce.
An Object Lesson in Civil Service Reform. By Theodore Roosevelt.

The Century (February).

The Georgia Cracker in the Cotton Mills. By Clare de Graffenried.
The Memoirs of Talleyrand.

Scribner's Magazine (February).

Japonica: Japanese People. By Edwin Arnold.
About Africa. By J. Scott Keltie.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich., before the 15th of the month.*]

Rev. Archibald MacDougall of St. John, N.B., formerly a minister of the Presbyterian church, has been admitted to the Unitarian fellowship by the Fellowship Committee for the Middle States and Canada.

American Unitarian Association.—The Board of Directors held its regular monthly meeting at its rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Tuesday, February 10. There were present Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Bailey, and Messrs. Ames, Beach, Blanchard, Brown, Calder, Dole, Fox, Gaffield, Hale, Herford, Reynolds, Russell, and Wadlin.

The records of the last meeting were read and approved, and the treasurer made his monthly statement.

The Finance Committee introduced resolutions, authorizing the treasurer, Mr. Blanchard, to take necessary steps for the examination and care of the Graham Fund, which were adopted.

The following vote, introduced by the same committee, after some amendments, was voted in the following form: "That $500 be appropriated to pay for the services of Rev. George W. Cooke, as agent, to care for the interest and work of Unity Clubs, Guild Alliances, and Church Temperance Societies, for the year beginning March 1, 1891, with the understanding that the agent shall make a written report twice in the year to our Board; and with the further understanding that during the year the agent, whose salary is thus paid by this Association, should use his best endeavors to advance the policy of these organizations toward self-support hereafter."

The Publication Committee reported that upon application they had granted our books to the following libraries: Masonic Public Library, Salt Lake City, Utah; Library of the Norwich University; Free Library Association, Colorado Springs, Col. The committee also reported that they proposed to issue as a regular tract "Unitarianism: What does it Mean?" by Rev. Frederick B. Mott. Upon the recommendation of the committee it was voted that $25 be appropriated to aid the Unitarians of Khasi Hills, Assam, India, to print tracts in their native tongue; also, that $368.08 be appropriated to cover cost of publishing the *Unitarian Review* for the year 1890, additional to the former appropriation.

The Executive Committee reported the name of Hon. Charles H. Bell, Exeter, N.H., to fill the vacancy in the Board occasioned by the resignation of Sherman Hoar, Esq.; and, in accordance with that recommendation, he was elected.

A letter was received from Prof. James B. Thayer, stating that the engrossing nature of his duties at Cambridge made it necessary for him to resign his position as a director. The Board voted to accept his resignation, and instructed the secretary to convey to Mr. Thayer their very great regret that they were obliged to lose his valuable services on the Board. The Executive Committee submitted the name of Arthur T. Lyman, Esq., to fill the vacancy; and the Board accepted that recommendation, and elected him to the post.

A letter was received from Rev. Seth C. Beach, stating that he proposed by the middle of the month to retire from his position as Superintendent of Work in Northern New England, to accept the pastorate of the society in Bangor, and submitting for the action of the Board certain suggestions, which, under the by-laws, were referred for consideration to the Committee on the New England States.

Adjourned.

Ann Arbor, Mich.—At the annual meeting of the Unitarian society, reports were

read from the pastor, trustees, Library Committee, Unity Club, Sunday-school, Students' Bible Class, King's Daughters, Ladies' Union, and tract distribution work, showing a year of quite as great activity and success in the dissemination of Unitarian thought as the society has ever known. Mr. Sunderland's recent series of sermons upon "Immortality" has drawn specially large audiences, and requests have been numerous and urgent that he print them in a book.

—The Unity Club has had Rev. James Kay Applebee here to give five lectures on "The Five Great Tragedies of Shakspere." The lectures drew large audiences, and were a great treat.

Black River Falls, Wis.—Rev. A. N. Somers has just published a little pamphlet entitled "Notes of Three Sermons on the Bible," which is very instructive. He has been preaching a series of sermons on "Questions of History and Faith."

Boston and Vicinity.—The Lenten Services held by the Unitarian churches of Boston this year are of unusual interest. Those yet to come are as follows:—

First Church: March 4, Rev. E. A. Horton; March 11, Rev. S. W. Brooke; March 18, Rev. C. G. Ames; March 25, Rev. Howard N. Brown. Thursday, March 26, communion at 8 P.M. Good Friday, March 27, service at 11 A.M., Rev. S. W. Brooke.

King's Chapel: Every Wednesday at 12.05 noon, for half an hour. During Passion Week, daily service at 5 P.M. Thursday, March 26, communion at 8 P.M. Good Friday, morning service at 11.

South Congregational Church: A short service on Friday afternoons, in the vestry, at 4.30 o'clock; namely, March 6, 13, and 20.

Arlington Street Church: Service each Friday evening, at 7.45, namely: March 6, Rev. S. E. Herrick; March 13, Rev. Philip S. Moxom; March 20, Rev. George A. Gordon. Good Friday, March 27, Rev. Brooke Herford.

Dorchester, First Parish (Meeting-house Hill): Special services each Sunday evening during Lent at 7.30 o'clock.

Brighton, First Parish: On Friday evenings, March 13, 20, and 27 (Good Friday), in the vestry.

—Rev. Brooke Herford is giving a series of Sunday afternoon sermons at the Arlington Street Church, on "The Spirit of the Bible." The special subjects and dates are as follows:—

February 15. In the Genesis Traditions.
February 22. In the Story of Abraham.
March 1. In the Epic of the Exodus.
March 8. In the Psalms.
March 15. In the Prophets.
March 22. Christ the Fulness of the Spirit.

Burlington, Vt.—The Unitarian church here has called Rev. H. L. Wheeler as assistant pastor.

Chicago, Ill.—The wedding of Rev. Mr. Milsted of Unity Church was not only in itself an event of great interest to the parish, but it brought Robert Collyer back for a week to officiate at the wedding and to preach on Sunday. He took his text Sunday morning from Ezekiel xxiv. 18, 19: "So I spake unto the people in the morning, and at even my wife died. And the people said unto me, Wilt not thou tell us what these things mean to us?" His theme was the dear, good wife who had labored by his side twenty years there, and who had recently gone from his home, leaving it so darkened. Said one of the daily papers: "His sermon was the outpouring of his heart among his old and beloved friends, to whom he talked as he might have talked at his own fireside. Unaided by the beneficence of his presence, venerable in its silver crown, or by the tones of his earnest voice, which often trembled as he spoke of her whom he reverently called 'mother,' it is difficult to reproduce the impression which yesterday brought tears to the eyes of even the strangers in that large congregation." After the wedding Mr. Milsted and his wife went South for a stay of a few weeks.

—A tablet has been placed in Unity Church in memory of its generous benefactor, Eli Bates, loved and honored by all who knew him.

—Sunday, February 8, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Prof. Swing in Chicago.

—A Publishing Committee of the Third Unitarian Church continues to publish "Fortnightly Sermons" by their pastor, Rev. J. V. Blake. The price is 50 cents a year.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago is to erect a magnificent building at a cost of $1,400,000. The building will have fourteen stories, three of which will be devoted entirely to the work of the Association.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—At the recent annual parish meeting of the First Unitarian Church the report of the treasurer showed that $11,000 had been raised during the past year to finish paying for the new church building and to purchase a fine organ.

Decorah, Ia.—The Unitarian society here has just dedicated its new chapel.

Dover, N.H.—Rev. R. T. Sawyer has been giving a series of special Sunday evening lectures at the Pierce Memorial Church on "Music," "Woman," "Labor," "Popular Amusements," "Washington," and "Home."

Grand Rapids, Mich.—At an enthusiastic meeting of the Unitarians of this city on February 8, a call was extended to Miss Mila B. Tupper of La Porte, Ind., to take the pastorate of the society for a year.

Kalamazoo, Mich—The Unitarian society prospers under the joint pastorate of Miss Bartlett and Miss Murdoch. Rev. James

Kay Applebee has been preaching and lecturing here to crowded houses. At a recent lecture given here by Mrs. Livermore the Unitarian society cleared $165.

Kendallville, Ind.—A People's Church was recently organized at this place. Mr. Charles H. Fitch, who was last year at Harvard Divinity School, has become its minister.

Khasi Hills, India.—A correspondent writes: "Some time ago I informed you that there were five Unitarians in our hills. Now there are sixteen. Eleven of these are in the Nontalong village, and have a meeting-house and regular services every Sunday. Mr. Kissor Singh was at Nontalong for some days last October, and held services in the open air, he and two other brethren preaching to a good number of villagers. Our cause in this beautiful village is very hopeful. The members are working hard to enlighten their fellow-villagers. They suffer much from the want of a hymn-book printed in the Khasi language. In their meetings they are obliged to use hymns selected from the Calvinistic Methodist 'Hymn-book,' which is unsuited for Unitarians, containing many hymns such as 'When God the Creator died,' 'The Covenant of the Three in One,' and the like. We have resolved that we must get some hymns printed in the Khasi language early in 1891. We think that, if they are printed in America, they will be more respected, and better done than if printed in India."

Madison, Wis.—The *Democrat* prints in full a sermon by Rev. J. H. Crooker, entitled "Truth about the Bible," in which he points out the position which leading scholars are taking on important questions of criticism.

Marlboro, Mass.—The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Worcester Conference was held with the West Parish on January 28 and 29. Rev. Calvin Stebbins preached a sermon on "Reverence." Rev. Ai S. Annis conducted the devotional meeting, and spoke on "The Revival of the Religious Life." Secretary Reynolds of the American Unitarian Association gave an address on the opportunities for our work. The paper of the day, by Rev. George F. Pratt, on "Liturgical Worship: Is it Essential to an Efficient Church?" was able and earnest, and called forth an animated discussion.

New York, N.Y.—In the will of the late Mrs. Fogg, widow of William Fogg, a prominent member of the First Unitarian Church, about $600,000 was bequeathed to various colleges, schools, and charitable institutions. She left $20,000 to the American Unitarian Association as a memorial of her husband, $50,000 to the Union Theological Seminary, and $200,000 to Harvard College for a picture gallery, with $50,000 to keep it up.

—The establishment of the Unitarian Headquarters in New York which was projected last year is now an accomplished fact. The rooms are kept open every day from 10 A.M. to 5.30 P.M. Our denominational literature is kept on sale there, and already the place is becoming a centre of Unitarian activities.

Plainfield, N.J.—The Unitarian church and the whole community have recently suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Job Male, aged eighty-three years, the principal founder of the city of Plainfield, and perhaps its leading citizen, and also from the first an active member of the Unitarian church. He was a self-made man, rising by his own energy, ability, and worth of character to large wealth and influence. He was the first mayor of the city, and had been several times re-elected, and nobody was more esteemed and honored by the whole community. At one time he was a member of All Souls' Unitarian Church in New York. He had recently given a lot worth $3,000 to the Unitarian society in Plainfield, upon which their new church is to be built. He had also given to the city a fine public library and art gallery building. The funeral was very large. The funeral service was read by Rev. Hobart Clark of the Unitarian church, and addresses were made by Mr. Clark and by Rev. W. R. Richards of the Presbyterian church.

Pomona, Cal.—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Unitarian church held a bazaar recently, and met with cheering success, adding over $200 to the slowly growing church fund. Their efforts were greatly aided by large donations from generous friends in Charleston, S.C., Boston, and San Francisco.

St. Cloud, Minn.—Rev. Charles J. Staples has been preaching during February on "Error and Guilt," "The Unknown God," "The Minister in Modern Life," "Atheism," "Heaven and Hell," "Miracles."

St. Paul, Minn.—The new Universalist society here is prospering greatly under the leadership of Rev. W. S. Vail. The congregation is now one of the very largest in the city.

Salem, Ore.—Encouraging reports were given at the second annual meeting of the First Unitarian Society of Salem. Twenty-five members have been added during the year. A Ladies' Auxiliary Society was organized last fall. The average attendance at the Sunday-school is over sixty. The Unity Club, numbering twenty members, meets every week. A fine lot for a church is now paid for, and they hope to erect a church during the coming year. Rev. H. H. Brown is pastor of the society.

Seattle, Wash.—The last meeting of the Unitarian Club called together a considerable representation of prominent Unitarians from Seattle, Tacoma, Fairhaven, Puyallup,

and Olympia. There was a banquet at the Ranier Hotel; and then addresses, full of wit and wisdom, from a number, the principal speaker being Mr. Joseph Shippen. The occasion was a delightful one.

San Diego, Cal.—Rev. B. F. McDaniel does not believe in the kind of religion that holds itself aloof from practical politics and practical life, as is evinced by a very plain-spoken and candid sermon on "The Duty of the Hour" (printed in full in the *Daily Sun*), calling attention to the fact that the prosperity of the city depends not alone upon its physical advantages, but even more upon its intellectual, social, educational, moral, and religious condition.

Taunton, Mass.—The Unitarian society has voted a leave of absence of four months to its minister, Rev. J. P. Forbes, accompanying the same with a purse sufficient to pay his expenses on a trip to Europe.

Toledo, Ohio.—The work of raising money for the proposed new Unitarian church moves forward encouragingly.
—Mr. Jennings followed the trial of Rev. H. MacQueary with a sermon on the subject, which was printed in the Toledo papers, and stirred up replies from some orthodox ministers and much public comment. The result has been an opportunity for Mr. Jennings to put before the people some pointed and wholesome, if not wholly agreeable, truth about the reliability of such doctrines as the resurrection of the body, the miraculous birth of Jesus, the Trinity, etc.

Troy, N.Y.—The *Daily Times* says that at the recent annual meeting of the Unitarian church the reports presented showed that the attendance upon the services of the church is larger than ever before, and that the society is in all ways prospering under the ministrations of its pastor, Rev. Joseph Waite.

Tacoma, Wash.—Rev. W. E. Copeland has been giving to large congregations a series of Sunday evening lectures on "Modern Leaders of Religious Thought," including Calvin, Wesley, Swedenborg, Comte, Channing, Alexander Campbell, Brigham Young, Herbert Spencer, and others.

Waterville, Me.—The Women's Auxiliary of this place is planning to raise money (with some help, perhaps, from other auxiliaries in the State) to secure the printing of two Unitarian tracts in the Khasi language, for the use of Mr. Kissor Singh, in Assam, India.

Wichita, Kan.—A very intelligent and interested congregation has been collected here, among whom Mr. E. R. Shippen is doing finely. The hall in which services are held is now too small to accommodate his audience.

"Error belongs to the libraries, truth to the human mind."

RELIGIOUS LIFE AT HARVARD.

The following letter, published in the Boston *Commonwealth*, will interest many, and perhaps help correct some misconceptions:—

"Harvard's Better Self," Mr. Bigelow's timely article in the *New England Magazine* for December, is an entirely fair statement of the religious life and opportunities at Cambridge. It is keenly appreciated by most of the students of the Divinity School, often called by Prof. Toy or Prof. Lyon the "School of the Prophets."

I wish to speak of two or three things besides what Mr. Bigelow has pointed out. First, a visitor here would feel that there was something in the atmosphere about Divinity Hall that makes these young men all brothers: he himself, before he knew it, would be one of the family. It would seem almost a miracle to him, at first, that forty or fifty people could meet each other a dozen times a day with a frankness and cordiality continually welling up in good will. Whence the source of such human sunshine?

As the college bell calls all who hear it to morning prayers, our band of future prophets meet in their own chapel, around which their rooms cluster, in Divinity Hall. There together, led by one of their number, they lift up their hearts and minds in devotion to God, and consecrate the day's work and study to his service. And as, with radiant faces, greetings, and confidences, these uncowled modern friars file out to meet their teachers and begin their duties, then would our visitor understand what it is that causes this spirit of good will, what it is that unites men in true fellowship.

Having spent an evening with the Society of Christian Brethren, as Harvard's Young Men's Christian Association is called, and being impressed with the energetic spirit of their meeting, our visitor might feel that the Wednesday afternoon conference of the divinity students lacked some of their fire. But, as one after another arose, to express his thoughts on such matters as "The Minister and the Children," "The Demand of the Age on the Clergy," "The Minister as Pastor," etc., he would feel that these young men had embarked on a *life-work*, that fires are smouldering beneath the surface which are to last through a long, and perhaps stormy, voyage. Sparks from these fires light up the Friday evening preaching services in the chapel, which are wholly unique and much appreciated by that portion of the public who have found out that they are invited to attend them.

The Divinity School, in the beginning, was the basis of Harvard College; and, as I have suggested, it is to-day the backbone of its whole life, the vital source of its "better self."

One meets its professors in other branches

than the strictly theological curriculum,—as the evening lectures, where all the studentt of the college come to know them; at Appleton Chapel, where daily all come in contact with its Parkman Professor of Theology. Indeed, Prof. Peabody's course in "Practical Ethics" is one of the most popular and valuable courses in the list of electives. On the other hand, there is an increasing disposition, under the present liberal system of electives, for young men to come from the college proper over to the Divinity School for one or more courses.

And, finally, the student must exactly fit Isaiah's description of a blockhead—one whose "heart is fat, and his ears heavy, and lips that are shut"—who does not feel the strong religious influence that surges through two out of three of the college courses. In proof of this, I ask, Where is there another community or a church where some three hundred young people voluntarily assemble seven or eight times a week for religious devotion? I believe that the choicest gift that Harvard bestows on her sons is her religious influence. Whatever else she has to give is made living and visible by this light. And, though many a student may carry off her gifts, unaware that wrapped in each is the message of the "School of Prophets," still, all the same, the purpose of its founders has never miscarried; namely, that there should be an educated ministry forever sending forth that influence for which and by which the college was established.

JOTTINGS.

While Charles Bradlaugh was lying on his death-bed, the British House of Commons did him the tardy and poor justice of expunging the resolutions declaring him ineligible to a seat in that body for refusing to take a religious oath; but it is doubtful if the act came in time for him ever to be conscious of it in this world.

There are now forty-one Congregational Clubs in the country, the forty-first having just been organized at Springfield, Mo.

The Progressive Body of Friends ("Quakers") now numbers in this country 781 "meetings," 1,093 ministers, and 76,136 members.

It is said that Chauncey M. Depew treats book-canvassers as politely as though they were railroad magnates. He said to one who called upon him the other day: "I am sorry I cannot buy your book, for I really do not need it. Otherwise, I should be delighted." The canvasser, although he sold no book to him, declared that he regarded Mr. Depew as a charming gentleman. Query: Should even the presence of the book-canvasser have power to make us less than gentlemen and ladies and Christians?

Milwaukee is to have a fine statue of Henry Bergh in the centre of a great drinking fountain for horses.

Five of the most profitable industries—namely, blacksmithing, wheelwrighting, tinsmithing, harness and shoe making—of the Normal School at Tuskegee, Ala., have so far outgrown their quarters as to be carried on at great disadvantage. With $1,000 the students can saw the lumber, burn the bricks, and put up a brick building 40 by 120, two stories, by which the capacity of these industries will be more than doubled, and the ability of the school to aid needy students equally increased. Prof. Washington will be glad to hear from any who may be interested in this practical investment.

JUSTICE.

Three men went out one summer night:
No care had they, or aim.
They drank, and said, "Ere we go home
To-night, we'll have a game."

Three girls began, that summer night,
A life of endless shame,
And went through drink, disease, and death,
Swift as a racing flame.

Homeless and lawless, loathed, they died:
Rich, honored, praised, the men;
But when they all shall meet with God,
And Justice speaks, what then?

—*Stopford Brooke.*

Marshal Ballington Booth gives the following statistics in regard to the Salvation Army in the United States: "In this country, the Army has 445 corps and outposts, and already 1,125 commanding officers. There are rescue homes at Grand Rapids and San Francisco; training garrisons in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Cleveland, Englewood, Des Moines, Omaha, San Francisco, and Oakland. The circulation of the New York and San Francisco editions of the *War-Cry* amounts to over 40,000 copies weekly. Chicago is the city where the Army has the greatest number of corps. The national headquarters is at 111 Reade Street, New York City."

Rev. S. W. Sample defines temperance well: "Temperance is not 'moderation in all things,' but total abstinence from things evil, moderate use of things good, whole-souled devotion to things best."

"Every human being is a centre of the universe."

For offer of special rates for new subscribers to the *Unitarian* and *Christian Register* see February *Unitarian*, page 96. This offer lasts only until April 1; hence all who wish to avail themselves of it should do so at once.

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"It is doubtful if the origin and history of any denomination have received more lucid, more interesting, or more adequate treatment. . . . This book is not — avowedly, at least — polemical, but historical, and as such is a strong and able book, which will be read with interest by all fair-minded people."— *Evangelist (Presbyterian), New York, N.Y.*

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